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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVII. No. 1662 NOV. 28, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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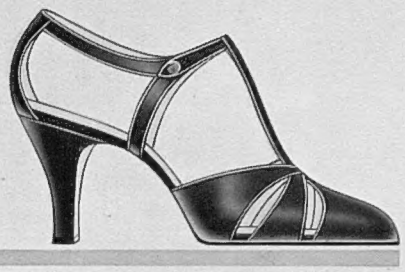

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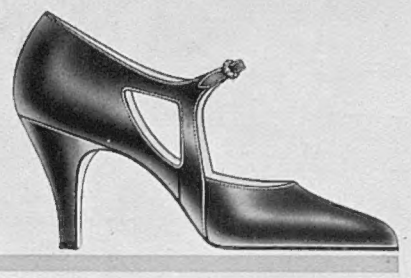

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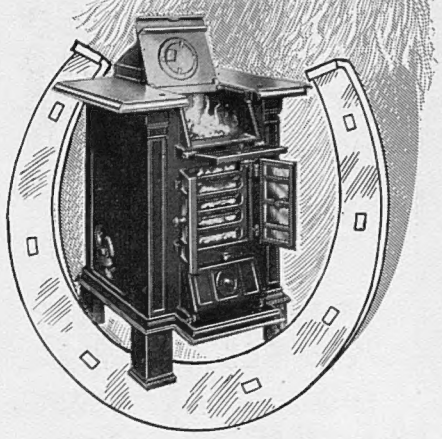

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DECEMBER 11, 1931,
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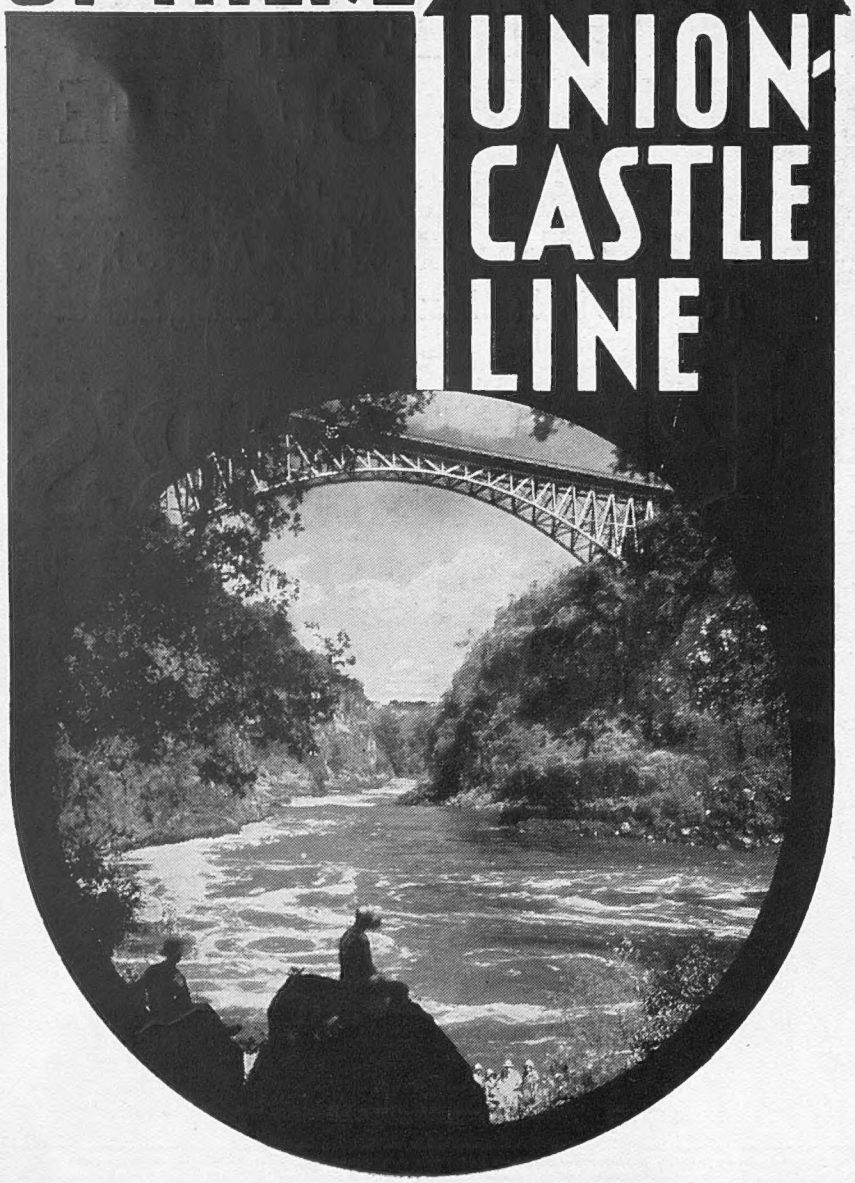

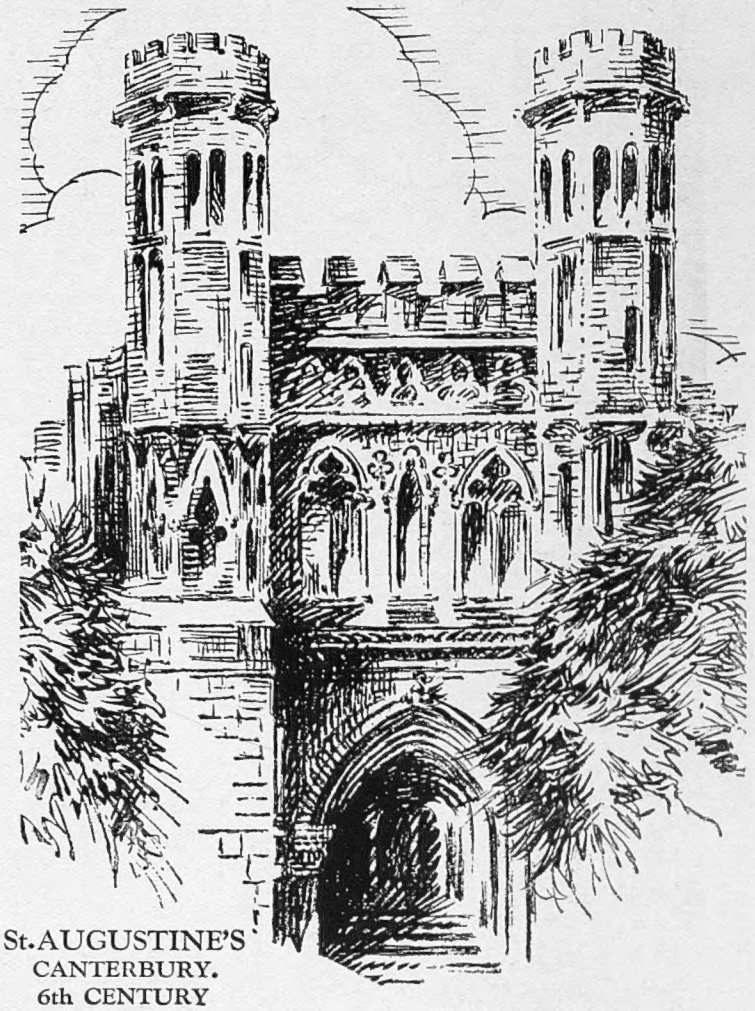

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Volume CXXVII

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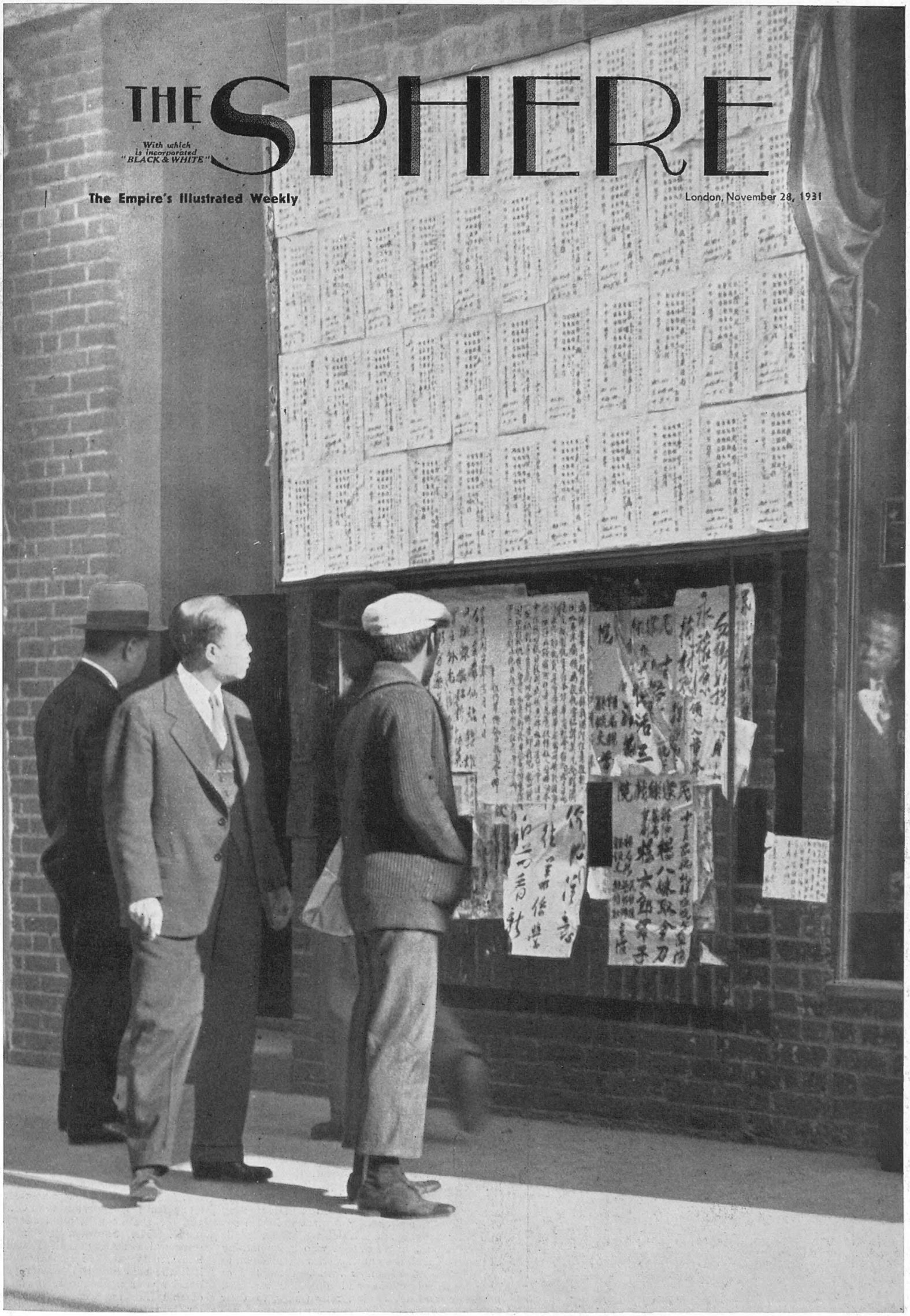
No. 1662

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 28, 1931



AMERICAN REPERCUSSIONS OF THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR

China Blacklists Japanese Merchants in the Chinatown of New York

The conflict in Manchuria has revealed the present widespread interest of the whole world in things political; for, a few years ago, the variations in Cathay were matters of indifference to the American-domiciled Chinese. To-day, however, the Sino-Japanese conflict is having marked repercussions among Chinese and Japanese abroad. The leaders of New York's Chinatown have promulgated by proclamation a perpetual boycott against Japanese merchants. This notice, printed in red and black, threatens those who fail to enforce the boycott with blacklisting

THE LUCK OF THE DRAW: All London—and much of Britain—spent feverish days last week scanning the newspapers to see what Fortune had brought in the Irish Sweep. Out of nearly 6,000,000 subscribers nearly 3,000 were lucky. The trio above, selected at random, show the divergence in class and station between these "minds with but a single thought"

A London Ne

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 25, 1931.

BUY BRITISH.—One of the great principles of advertising is that to create successfully a demand for an article is money thrown away unless at the same time it is clearly shown where that demand can be satisfied. Where can I buy attractive British china dolls for five expectant mothers of five years old or under? The power of the E.M.B.—a strong one—aided by the Press, the B.B.C., and a hundred powerful private organizations, has undoubtedly at this season of generosity created a demand first for British and then for Empire goods. It is fair to expect that by December the public will be in a mood, never so willing, to "Buy British." But that patriotic mood will not banish our instinct to buy what is novel in luxuries and what is cheap in necessities. People won't give up patronizing the 3d. and 6d. store, where they have of late years been excellently served and vastly entertained, merely because those popular stores have in the past sold a big percentage of foreign-made goods. Nor will they carry their patriotism to the extent of insisting on an assurance that every article which takes their fancy is British made. We hate to make ourselves conspicuous, but without that assurance it is often extremely difficult to know. The tell-tale label can be amazingly inconspicuous. I wish that it could be made illegal for foreign-made goods to be sold on the same counter with British. I should like to see it obligatory on department stores to set aside a special department and on smaller shops a special counter, for imported wares, so that those who ventured in must openly brave public opinion. The campaign is designed to meet an emergency. It is a temporary measure. The genius and humour of our foreign competitors in many fancy lines are valuable as stimulus and example to our own sometimes conservative and sluggish imagination, and I should be sorry to see that stimulus removed. British monopolists invariably grow lazy and arrogant.

On that account alone it is comforting to realize that the anti-dumping measure is nothing but a breathing space to give fair chance to an exhaustive investigation of tariffs. The measure automatically dies six months hence, and its death will coincide with the welcome announcement of the Government's considered and constructive policy for dealing with British agriculture. Here is happy proof that last week in Parliament was not ill spent. Japan gave at the week-end another, if less clear, proof of progress. While her airmen very successfully bombed an alleged concentration of Chinese in the Harbin area, her representatives announced a welcome concession to the League. Without insisting on the immediate acceptance of her five points, yet without abandoning them, she approved in principle the sending of a neutral Commission to inquire into the dispute on the spot. Quite a good start for the National Government, and its Trade and Foreign Ministers in particular, grave as their problems still are.

EASY MONEY—AND ARDUOUS.—At the very moment when the green and orange drum in delirious Dublin was turning out two million pounds worth of easy money in handy packets of £30,000 apiece, the divers of *Artiglio* were tearing the last steel barrier from the bullion-room of the sunken *Egypt*, after long months of the most arduous, dangerous, and patient labour imaginable. The coincidence and the contrast fall apt. The story of gold never varies. It is dug out by sweat of brow to be a blessing or a curse to its owner according to whether he knows how to make good use of it. Comparatively little of the precious metal perishes; it is worn thin as it passes from hand to hand. Men and nations hoard it and find it a curse and no blessing after all. Chance or folly drowns it in the sea and patient courage pulls it out again. Or it falls by luck into the hands of men who know nothing of its responsibilities and it carries them down to the depths. *Auri sacra fames*—thousands of once-contented clerks and domestic servants, labourers and mechanics, return now to their jobs which have suddenly grown mean and unworthy of those who dreamed of millions and built themselves castles in Utopia. And on a few, judged lucky, the golden curse has fallen, and many of these will sooner or later fall by the way under the weight of their fetters and the world's scorn. One Italian waiter has given ten good years of life for that quarter million he so nearly won, the barmaid has been tricked out of her easy £10,000 and bought nothing but ruin with it. Of the Dublin £2,000,000 we know in advance that not a large part will bring contentment or heart's ease. *Egypt's* treasure perhaps stands a better chance. When at last a second time it has been won from the depths by the high courage and patience of man, it may be, the curse will be taken from it.

FULL TIME JOBS.—There has of late been a very large and very reluctant shuffling off of directorships by Cabinet Ministers and other appointees of office in the National Government. Sometimes this established rule is a heavy sacrifice, for not all Government posts even now are full-time jobs, and not all directorships are "kept warm" for those who (sometimes very temporarily) join an administration. The old rule was very strict indeed. A Cabinet Minister or junior Minister must hold no outside paid post in business. At the time of the Marconi incident, it was recognized that the rule had grown more elastic. I recollect it came out that the late Lord Lansdowne, appointed to the War Office, had felt it his duty to sell at a heavy loss a big block of "armament" shares. It was accepted that such high-minded altruism could no longer be demanded. And indeed less oblique and more obvious sacrifices are to-day often almost too heavy. An under-secretaryship may well produce no more than £1,000 a year net before taxation, a poor exchange for a couple of good directorships, and possibly some other safe source of remuneration. And, as I say, some of these under-secretaryships are by no means full-time jobs. The M.P. may continue to direct a big business or pursue a valuable practice. The junior Minister, with time and to spare, must chuck his fortnightly board meeting, or lose touch with his editors, or otherwise burn his boats.

The dividing line, of course, is not so defined as it was. For times are hard, men of property are no longer semi-hereditary legislators. Mr. Runciman clearly felt no doubt about the necessity of resigning from his valuable business connections. He has a whole-time job, and his position obviously demands it. But what of paid posts which are neither political nor business? Lord Lothian is secretary of the Rhodes Trust, and presumably he has felt some doubt as to the propriety of retaining post and emoluments. The cases of Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Lloyd George once raised the question of journalism. F.E., Ll.G., and Winston have been probably our highest paid journalists. It has never been clearly laid down, though Mr. Baldwin expressed a pious hope on the subject, what form of journalism is permissible to a Minister. Certainly not political journalism. If a Minister has time to write a novel or a literary article or to compose topical poems for the Press, such as Lord Darling does, one may deplore it but cannot justly complain. Ergo, a junior Minister should not be expected to give up journalistic contracts automatically on appointment. For politics is an uncertain career, and journalism a deucedly competitive one. Nor, I think, should it be required of an under-secretary in, say, the Board of Education or Agriculture to resign a directorship of, say, a small arms manufacturing company, or for the Under-Secretary for Air to resign the directorship of a gramophone company. The life of a Government may be a few weeks. It takes years and years to get a directorship.

A CHARMED LIFE.—Truly, I thought, when I noted Lord Snowden's introduction to the Lords, the House of Peers bears a charmed life, and none see it more clearly than those who breathe fire and slaughter against it. In 1832, Lord John would have destroyed it. He sat in the Upper House as 1st Earl Russell. Plain John Morley would have destroyed it root and branch; Lord Morley was an ornament of that House. Mr. Asquith took a sledge-hammer and shivered its ancient privileges, and then chose an historical and picturesque title, often adorned by Norman blood. Mr. Snowden has not always been respectful regarding their Lordships, and Mr. Snowden is punished with a viscounty. In fact, it is the rule that the heavier your insults, the heavier your punishment. I fancy that, because of that Limehouse speech, the handle reserved for Churt will be a Marquisate. A charmed life indeed. Is memory so short that we forget that this very day (save for the late crisis) Mr. MacDonald would be cashing his promise to destroy root and branch the Upper House? He made that solemn promise less than six months ago—and to-day he is relying on their Lordships as his own utterly dependable second line. As long as peeresses wear tiaras, as long as public men have wives, I fancy the House of Peers will survive to do gracefully nothing in particular, and do it very well.

wsletter

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.—

Interest in the winter exhibition of French Art is already being awakened by a series of lectures in Burlington Gardens. We have been warned to look out for the powerful influence of the Netherlands on French art throughout the centuries, and this will doubtless be one of our *clichés* next February. Representative works of art from the ninth to the present century are to be collected in London, and while we assume that the treasures of the Louvre will form the chief glories of the show, we have already a foretaste of the wealth to be borrowed from private owners, including King George and from provincial collections. Provincial cities in France are far richer in inherited works of art than in England, although in purchased collections such cities as Glasgow and Edinburgh have few rivals outside America. Travelling in France one is often astonished by the unadvertised and priceless miracles of art hidden away in decaying villages. I take as an example the "deserted village" of Villeneuve, once joined to Avignon by the famous Pont d'Avignon. This one-horse little hamlet is sending its famous fourteenth century "Coronation of the Virgin," but *not* sending its unique little ivory Virgin and Child, carved in the same century by the monk, de Via, and perhaps the loveliest achievement of any craftsman in existence.

We all of us set our hopes of this French Exhibition on two or three favourite painters. It is doubtless true that to the uninitiated the field of French art is less wide and trodden than those of Italy and the Netherlands. Myself, I bank my hopes on a big loan of Corots from the Louvre—we cannot have too many—and as many examples of Millet as can be collected. I should have expected Glasgow to lend her Millets. For the eighteenth-century French masters, with whom the man-in-the-street's notion of French art is largely identified, I confess a lack of sympathy.

THE BIRDS OF THE BROADS.—

Last week Lord Desborough opened at the Ackerman Gallery a notable exhibition of water-colours of wildfowl by Roland Green. These for the most part were done on Hickling Broad where lies Lord Desborough's Dream Island, Whiteslea. Until a year or two ago the only approach to Whiteslea was by "quanting" for forty minutes up the Broad, and approaching the enchanting cottage through one of the innumerable golden tunnels cut in the surrounding reed belts. The cottage is a joy. Bedrooms and passages are hung with rare bird pictures, and in the living-room Mr. Green's genius has had full scope. The upper part of the walls tilt, and are painted to represent the actual view of the Broad visible from the windows and from all points of the compass. The birds of the Broad—rare and common, from Paget's pochard or bittern to common snipe or mallard—people these exactly reproduced landscapes and create an effect which none can forget. As for the flighting, it is the best that England can produce. That notable naturalist and sportsman, Jim Vincent, sees to that. A morning flight on Hickling is the shooter's "Waterloo Run."

A BOOK TO BUY?—

On the top of my day's post was a mysterious postcard signed E. K. W. I knew no one with those initials, and puzzled as I read:

> "I am so sorry I haven't answered your letter, but I have been so absorbed in the story of Phil Fanshawe's infidelities and his child-wife's shocking experiences. You remember how Phil ran off with every sort of woman. His sexual adventures make absorbing reading (for adults only), and his girl-wife's humiliations are really shocking. But of course you'll want to read it all in *Purple Passion*, by Sextus Hogg (The Slyme Press. 8s. 6d., of all booksellers). Lose no time in reading it. Yours, E. K. W." No, sir.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE HON. ERIC AKERS-DOUGLAS

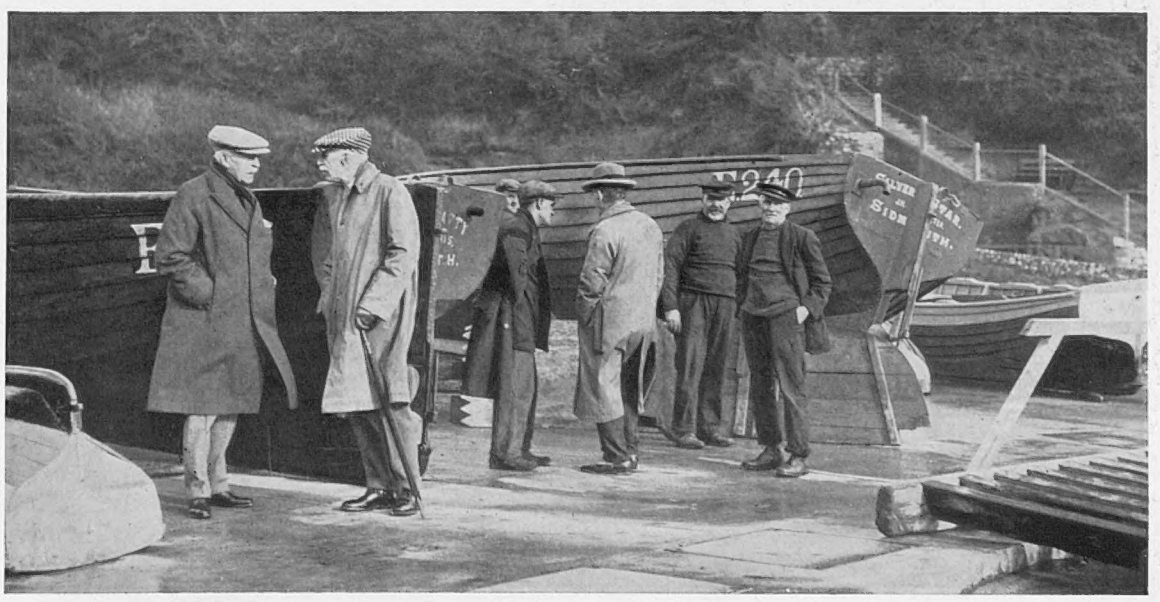
The Editor regrets that Mr. Charles Graves, in his article on Oxford in last week's number of THE SPHERE, made some personal remarks about the Hon. Eric Akers-Douglas. The Editor and Mr. Graves tender their apologies to Mr. Akers-Douglas, and deeply regret any offence that these statements may have inadvertently caused.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ICE CARNIVAL: Grosvenor House, Park Lane, never held a more brilliant function than the Ice Carnival of last week, organized by the Duchess of Sutherland in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital. The Prince of Wales, who was present, made his first public appearance since the "Little Season" began—and this despite rumours of his illness. This picture shows the Duke of Sutherland and Lady Milbanke having their fortunes told by a palmist, while on the right the Duchess of Sutherland is seen with Mr. Charles Chaplin

IN HONOUR OF FRENCH LITERATURE: A group at the luncheon given at the Savoy Hotel to M. Alin Laubreaux by Mr. Ivor Nicholson and Mr. Bernard Watson, his English publishers. A feature of the function lay in the fact that the chef, M. Latry, drew all the dishes served from the pages of *The Happy Glutton*, M. Laubreaux's essay in the art of Brillat-Savarin. It is rare that a famous novelist should have compiled such a volume. *Above, from left to right,* are M. Laubreaux, Lord Castlerosse, Lady Hadfield, Mr. Ivor Nicholson, and Miss Alice M. Head

THE LADY OF DIMES: Miss Barbara Hutton, the second-richest girl in the world and the granddaughter of the late F. W. Woolworth, founder of the famous Woolworth Stores, has been staying in London for a few weeks, but is now *en route* to New York

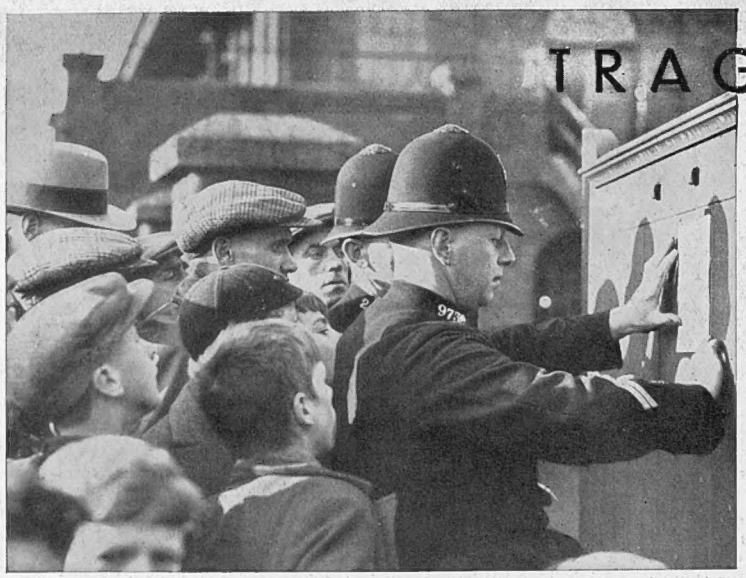
A QUEEN GOES BACK TO WORK: Miss Egan, the Cotton Queen of Lancashire, who was elected in a competition of sixty-four, has, at seventeen, high hopes of becoming a film star. She visited London and was entertained by many well-known people, but, as her father is out of work and she has six brothers and sisters, she has gone back to the mill



PATRIOTISM WAS ENOUGH to make H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught forgo his beloved Riviera and winter in Britain as an example to others and to give an inspiring lead to the "Buy British" movement. The octogenarian Duke is wintering at Sidmouth, and he and his equerry, Colonel Berkeley Levett, are here seen on the East Promenade amidst the fishermen's boats

TRAGEDY at DONCASTER

Vivid and Moving Scenes from the Bentley Pit Disaster



THE BULLETIN: A police constable posts up an official notice at the Bentley Main Pit, Bentley Collieries, Doncaster, where one of the most tragic of mine disasters took place last week. Forty-two fatalities and five other casualties have already been reported. Eighty men were entombed when the explosion occurred

FIGURES OF TRAGEDY. Mrs. Grain *(right)* with her friend, Mrs. Tasker, returns from Bentley Colliery after attempting to identify the body of her husband

FATAL CERTAINTY: The relatives of Mr. S. Mason, one of the victims, leaving the pit after identifying the body. Included in the group are Mrs. Mason and Master Mason

TO THE RESCUE: Mr. Herbert Smith, the seventy-year-old miners' leader, heads a rescue party. When some eighty miners were at work, an explosion occurred and the disaster was intensified by an outbreak of fire. The work of the rescue party was impeded by a second and subsidiary explosion which injured one of the rescuers

ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY: Three of the rescue party equipped with gas-masks. As we go to press (Tuesday night) rescue work is still in progress; and one section of the pit—in which five men are entombed—has been sealed up. The youngest victim was seventeen years old. A great tribute was paid to the rescuers by Mr. Herbert Smith, the retired official, who led the rescue party

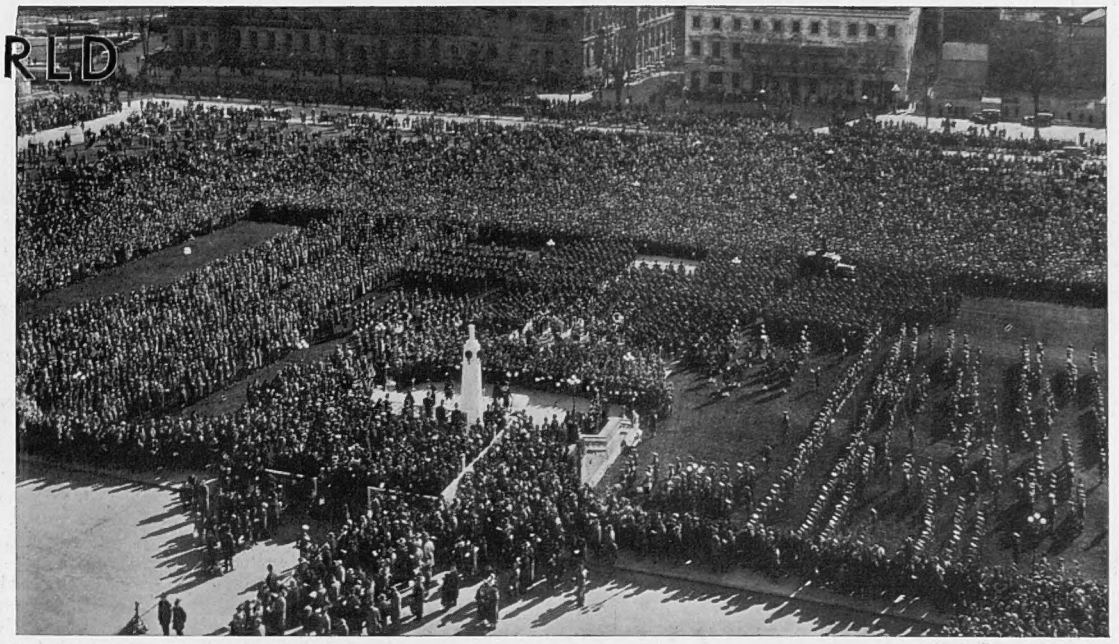
THE RESCUERS RETURN: A group of the miners after working unrelieved for hours to enable their comrades to escape from the inferno into which Bentley Pit, one of the largest mines in Yorkshire, was transformed by an explosion followed by a fire and a subsidiary explosion. A fund has been started for which £5,000 has already been promised

THE MOST POIGNANT SIGHT OF ALL: The younger generation waiting at the pit-head for news of their fathers, entombed in a pit turned into a Pit of Tophet by the ravages of explosion and fire

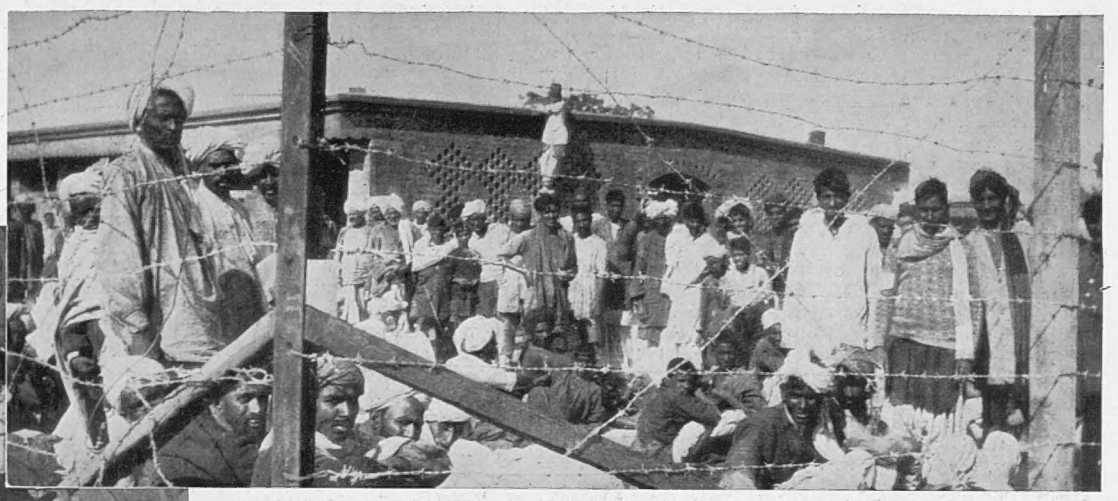
ROUND the WORLD

The News of the Week in Pictures

THE GOD OF THE NORTH IN NEW YORK: Sir Wilfred Grenfell, "the Labrador Doctor," chatting to a group of children in New York



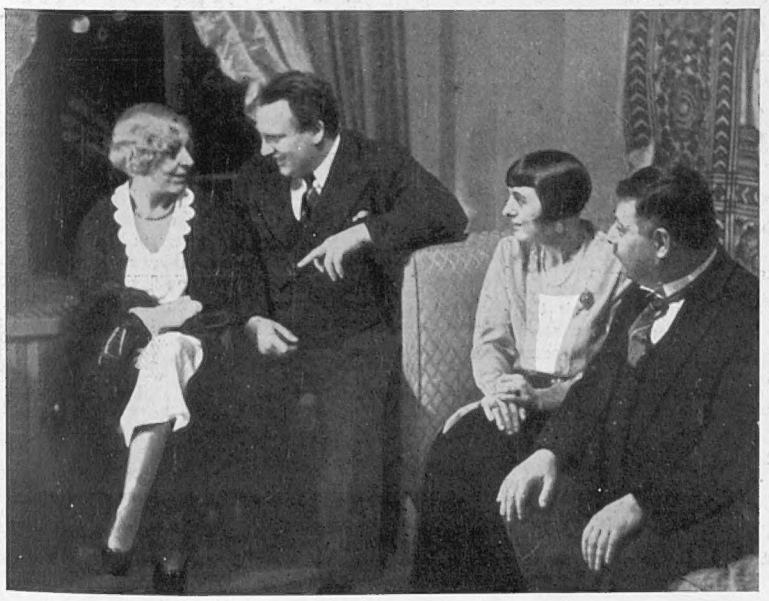
REMEMBRANCE DAY: November 11 has been established as a public holiday in Canada under the name of Remembrance Day. Previously, Armistice Day coincided with Thanksgiving Day which has now been shifted to a date fixed by proclamation: this year, for example, it was held on October 12. The establishment of Remembrance Day—the first celebration of which in Ottawa is here seen—was due to the representations of the Canadian Legion



HUMAN BEASTS IN KASHMIR: A scene in the Satwari prison camp, near Jammu, where 4,600 prisoners, arrested by the State force, were herded together in two barbed-wire enclosures quartered by a cordon of armed police. Until the British troops arrived, the conditions, it was stated, were "truly deplorable"

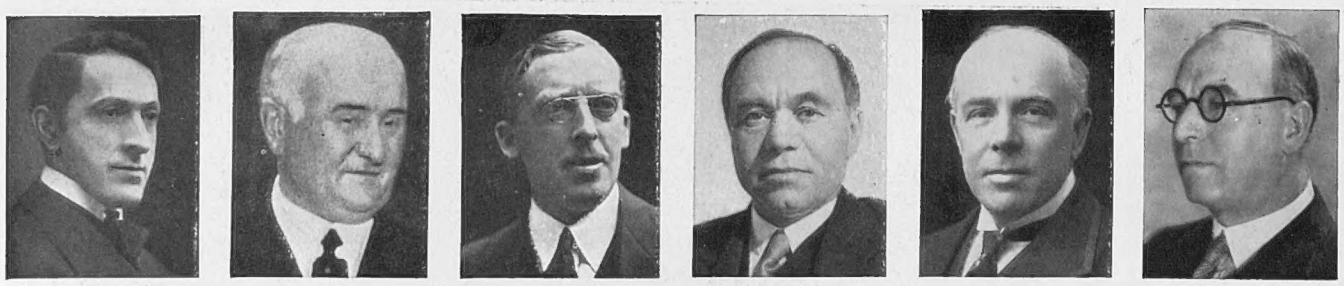
THE U.S. BARRAGE LEVELLED AT ITALY: Signor Grandi, the Foreign Minister of Italy, was greeted with an intensified form of the orthodox newspaper heckling when arriving in America to discuss disarmament with President Hoover. Signora Grandi accompanied her husband

THE RUN: The queue of depositors of the Berlin Bank für Handel und Grundbesitz blockade the office when it was learned that the institution had crashed. Bank failures have been the order of the day for the past few months both in bankrupt Germany and prosperous America, despite the greatest efforts to stabilize such concerns



GERMAN STARS SHINE IN NEW YORK: Herr Richard Tauber, on whose left is Fräulein Vicki Baum of "Grand Hotel" fame, at tea with Dr. Paul Schwartz and Mrs. Schwartz, German Consul in New York, before he leaves for a concert tour in Britain

RIOTS STILL PERSIST IN SPAIN: Civil guards accompany an arrested insurgent after the *fracas* between Nationalists and Republicans in Bilbao. Mounted police were invoked and the rioters were broken up by their charges. Spain is far less stable to-day than it was under Don Alfonso



SIX LEADERS OF THE NEWLY-AWAKENED BRITISH FILM INDUSTRY: *Mr. Isidore Ostrer who, with other members of his family, formed the first big chain of cinemas; Mr. William Evans, once joint Managing Director of Gaumont-British and now joint Managing Director of the Moss Empires group; Mr. R. H. Gillespie, also joint Managing Director of the Moss Empires group; Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Ashfield, the first great capitalists to enter the British film world and the founders of P.C.T.; and Mr. John Maxwell, who founded A.B.C. and is now the head of the great B.I.P. organization at Elstree — the most powerful producing force in this country*

THE R
THE HOL

The War Behind the of Men and Munitions, Brains of Britain and the the

There is a grim war going on behind the film screens of Great Britain.

No echo of this conflict between the rival legions of the cinema Cæsars has as yet disturbed the blonde placidity of Greta Garbo; nor has the demeanour of the rest of Hollywood's heavenly host indicated to the public that the film world is wracked with internecine strife.

For this war has nothing to do with the clash of studio temperaments or the rival claims of stars; it has, indeed, precious little to do with films at all! It is a financial struggle, and an inevitable sequel to the entry of British-controlled millions into the international film industry.

The glamorous Hollywood — like Rome—was once the proud capital of a world empire. Its legions were sent to the farthest corners of the earth, bearing aloft the banner of American film supremacy. But, even before the market crash of three years ago, Hollywood had exhausted itself in such an orgy of wild extravagance that the financial morale of the capital was shattered and the seat of power was transferred across the continent to the cañons of Wall Street.

Then came the onslaught of the new talking pictures, like the barbarian host from across the Alps. Heads fell and thrones tottered. The distant legions of film salesmen in Germany, France, Spain, Italy—and all over the world—found themselves faced with linguistic rebellions.

Only Great Britain, by virtue of the common language, promised to remain unchanged in its attitude towards American pictures. And so far, even to-day, the British public—despite the marked improvement in our own films—remains loyal to the Hollywood constellation of stars. The tale I have to tell concerns British capital, and the stars concerned are grim gentlemen whose romances are mostly played out in City board-rooms.

To understand fully the crisis with which the American film industry is faced this month in its greatest surviving foreign market, it is necessary to step back some ten years. There were then, in the West End of London, fewer than half-a-dozen cinemas, nearly all small ones at that. They showed Hollywood films almost exclusively. The vast theatre chains which were growing up across the American continent were still unknown.

Into this minor business stepped down two men from the Olympian heights of high finance; Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Ashfield. Their entry was something of a surprise, for the cinema business had not hitherto attracted the attention of big British capitalists. It was a distinct gamble, but the result of the operations of these two peers brought into being a chain of houses called Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Ltd.

Their enterprise, however, stopped at the business of buying and building theatres. They did not essay any attempts at film-making. The first credit for experimenting in this line was to go to a Glasgow lawyer, one John Maxwell.

This Mr. Maxwell had found himself head of a firm of film middlemen, buying and renting foreign pictures. Mr. Maxwell also began to form a chain of theatres called Associated British Cinemas, Ltd.; and about five years ago acquired the ground at Elstree which was being laid out as a film centre.

He was thus following in the footsteps of all the big American combines—and the Ufa, in Germany, too—by first securing a definite market for his own studio products. If, for instance, you own a hundred cinemas, and can safely depend upon £100 profit from each cinema for each film, then you can safely invest anything up to £10,000 in the making of each film.

This is the arithmetic that Mr. Maxwell used—and the arithmetic that Hollywood was beginning, at that time, to forget!

Film production in England, other than Elstree, was even then negligible; indeed, as recently as four years ago there was not a single studio in operation outside the Hertfordshire hamlet, destined to become the first English "Hollywood."

While all this was going on, and while in the Hollywood laboratories the sound-film was attaining practical shape, there was a change taking place in the cinema map of Great Britain. A family of City financiers called Ostrer were engaged in a merger which was destined to give this country its first really big chain of cinemas and theatres. The old-established firm of Gaumont—which had been British for some fifteen years—was used as a basis, and the P.C.T. group was bought up from Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Ashfield. The result was the Gaumont-British Corporation, controlling to-day nearly 400 theatres.

This sudden development caused considerable apprehension in American film circles, which had good cause to know that the making of movies without guaranteed theatres in which to show them was rather putting the cart before the horse. Mr. William Fox, the founder of one of the three largest American combines, bought huge amounts of Gaumont-British stock, the holding of the Fox interests to-day being 49 per cent.—and when one writes "Fox," it is the Chase National Bank of New York that is implied, for the Fox firm is the most notable case of the shifting of the balance of power to the Wall Street barons.

I have spoken of the struggle now in progress as the inevitable sequel of the entry of astute British financial methods into the film industry. This is particularly well exemplified by the present constitution of the Gaumont-British Corporation. Although 49 per cent. of the stock (heavily depreciated since it was bought in the boom period) is held in New York, and the other 49 per cent. is the property of the Ostrer interests, the all-important 2 per cent. is retained by Lord Lee of Fareham, of the Metropolitan and Bradford Trust, thus assuring British control of the company.

The other big American firm to interest itself in securing a guaranteed showing for its films in Great Britain was the Paramount Corporation. In alliance with British capital (not unconnected, incidentally, with the old P.C.T. powers) they proceeded to acquire large new cinemas throughout London and the provinces: the Plaza, the Carlton, and the four huge suburban Astorias are notable examples of this development of luxury cinemas on American lines.

The position a year ago was roughly this: that the film industry in America, badly hit by the depletion of the national purse, the pricking of the Wall Street bladder, and the embarrassment of too many big new theatres and too few good films, also found its British revenue in peril.

Where anything from 50 per cent. upwards of the receipts had hitherto been levied from British cinemas, the Gaumont-British chain was able to use—and had used—big-stick methods. They said in effect: "Take our terms, or there'll be 300 of the biggest cinemas in the country not showing your films."

The Gaumont-British won; there was no option for the Americans, and the average percentage now taken by the American film-makers from the Corporation is only about 20 per cent.

In the meantime, Mr. Maxwell has been conducting the freezing-out process on more interesting but equally effective lines. The output of his Elstree studios had been steadily increasing as he added new

ISLEWORTH: *A moment during the French Revolution production,* Madame Guillotine. *Worton Hall, Isleworth, is one of the oldest-established of independent studios*

BEACONSFIELD: *A scene from* Sally in Our Alley, *starring Gracie Fields. Beaconsfield (British Lion) is probably the leading independent studio in the country*

SE AND FALL OF LYWOOD EMPIRE

Screen, where Gold and Credit take the Place Now in Progress between the Astute Big-Business Film Magnates of America, and its Repercussions on Various Facets of the Industry

By GORDON BECKLES

ELSTREE: *An incident from* Out of the Blue, *starring Gene Gerrard and Jesse Matthews. At Elstree, British International, British and Dominions, and British-Paramount contribute to making the biggest single studio in the world*

WALTON-ON-THAMES. *A tense scene from* Deadlock, *starring Warwick Ward—a film within a film produced at a prominent independent studio*

theatres to his chain. And, in addition, he had scored notable triumphs in the Dominions and Crown Colonies, many of which had long forgotten what a British film looked like, and were almost wholly in American hands.

The present crisis dates from early this year, when the resignation of Mr. William ("Will") Evans from his joint managing directorship of Gaumont-British was first announced. Mr. Will Evans had been instrumental in forming the Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Ltd., for Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Ashfield, and had automatically transferred to the Gaumont-British Corporation when the sale took place.

As it was known that Lord Beaverbrook, in particular, was itching to re-enter the game from which he had been withdrawn only by the temptation of a huge profit, the resignation of Mr. Will Evans was regarded with suspicion, despite his assurances that he was about to retire from business.

He had, in the meantime, joined the board of the old-established Moss Empires group of forty theatres as the spokesman of the recently acquired Beaverbrook interests in this firm. A month ago it was announced that he had become joint managing director with Mr. R. H. Gillespie, and that in future a large proportion of the Moss Empires theatres would become cinemas and Mr. Evans would naturally be in charge of these.

The superficial criticism of this move was that no chain of even thirty theatres could compete with either the Gaumont-British or the Elstree group in securing the best sort of films.

Then, a fortnight ago, the bomb was thrown, and thrown with a twist typical of the astuteness and ingenuity which are at last characterizing the direction of our newest British industry. Mr. Will Evans reappeared in the slightly philanthropic rôle of a director of a new organization called the Film Industries Co-operative Society!

This co-operative concern appealed to the nearly 3,000 independent cinema-owners of Great Britain to band themselves together (under the experienced leadership of Mr. Evans of Moss Empires) and throw off the yoke of the invader for ever. And it must be admitted that the independent cinemas who have remained outside the two combines have good cause for finding that yoke irksome.

For the American film companies, thwarted of their former high percentages by the combines, have been "taking it out" of the defenceless small exhibitor, who still pays upwards of 50 per cent. to show a film for which his combine-neighbour pays about 20 per cent.

The obvious move of the American interests has been to air the threat of a boycott, but the presence of Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C., as chairman of the new co-operative organization has a dangerous significance. Mr. Comyns Carr is one of the cleverest company law experts in this country, and it is suggested that any move towards big-stick reprisals against the society's members will lead to legal action.

The position of the formerly dominant American film-makers is, indeed, perilous.

They are now faced with the possibility of three highly resolute combines in Great Britain composed of men who have no cause to treat their former masters over-kindly.

There is also another important factor in the present critical state of film affairs.

No mention has yet been made in this article of the Quota Act or the plans for vastly increased British production. The Act demands, as is well known, that a certain percentage of British films must be shown in every cinema; that proportion will reach 20 per cent. in 1934. And in that year the Gaumont-British combine proposes, incidentally, to produce no fewer than eighty full-length pictures in its studios—at Shepherd's Bush, Islington, and elsewhere—while Elstree's allotment will be only slightly less.

So far, the American film interests are facing the danger as one man; there are no defaulters in the ranks. The organized opposition to the independent British cinema-owner includes the eight most powerful American firms:

Metro-Goldwyn.
Paramount.
Fox.
Universal.
Radio.
Warner-First National.
United Artists.
Pathé (P.D.C.).

Few of these firms have entrenched themselves adequately in this country. In the West End of London, for instance, there are only four American "shop windows" in a score of big cinemas.

The Empire in Leicester Square handles the pre-release films of Metro-Goldwyn; the Leicester Square is the Radio house; and the Plaza and Carlton are the Paramount cinemas. There is also an occasional tie-up between the little Rialto and Universal.

The Gaumont-British owns the huge New Victoria and the Tivoli, Marble Arch Pavilion, Astoria, and New Gallery cinemas. Mr. Maxwell's interests control the London Pavilion and Regal; while Moss Empires contribute the big Dominion to this imposing list of theatres, who are in a position to produce British films in preference to American.

Only three American firms seem to have been induced by the Quota Act to take up British production on a serious scale. The Paramount people will shortly have a complete unit with two sound stages at Elstree; Warner Brothers are working hard on a two-year schedule at Teddington-on-Thames; and Radio have just completed—with British capital—five studios at Ealing. The other firms are mostly content to buy their Quota films by the foot—much to the detriment of British films in general. Some of the Quota films are the sheerest trash conceivable; Metro-Goldwyn, however, are making a progressive step towards buying better films.

The actual capacity of British studios—including those working to fulfil the requirements of American firms—is growing rapidly. There are now between fifteen and twenty films always in course of production at Hollywood-on-Thames; and only a dozen or so of the technical workers are aliens.

While Hollywood proper has increased neither the area nor capacity of its big studios in the past few years, the actual number of sound stages in the metropolitan area is really quite remarkable—a sound stage roughly representing the space necessary for one production at a time. British International has eight stages at Elstree, while Gaumont-British will have six at Shepherd's Bush, with another two—now in active operation—at Islington.

Cricklewood, Twickenham, Beaconsfield, Isleworth, and Walton all have well-equipped studios at the disposal of independent producers.

What would happen, if the tables were turned on the Big Eight and their films threatened with boycott unless they offered equally attractive terms for our own British products in their American theatres, is a matter for grim speculation.

That this will eventually happen now seems inevitable.

One thing certain is that the world domination of Hollywood is at an end, both from internal causes and the revolt of the rest of the nations, led by Great Britain.

Another thing certain, however, is that Hollywood still makes the best films, and it will be a sad day for the poor picture-goer when he finds his favourite stars barred from British screens as the result of this international struggle.

As to the immediate future, it is an open secret that the turbulent Lord Beaverbrook—tired, perhaps, of his newspapers—is casting covetous eyes at the interest held by Fox in the Gaumont-British Corporation; and the independent exhibitors who have been appealed to to co-operate are thus asking themselves whether they may not be called upon to play the part of pawn in a *coup* of unprecedented proportions.

And, just across the horizon, there is hovering the vague menace of wireless *ciné-vision*; who stands if talkies fall? Certainly not the Cæsars of the cinema to-day!

NEWS on the HOME FRONT

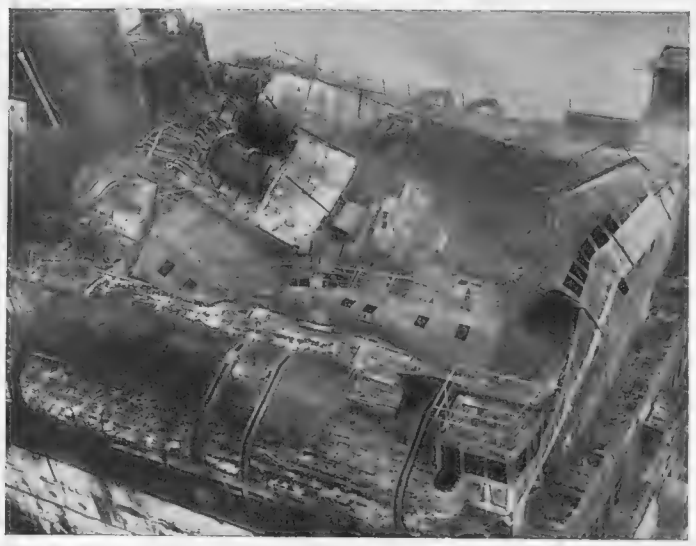
AN OCTOGENARIAN SUPERVISER: Mr. Magnus Volk, who founded the famous Brighton-Black Rock electric railway, supervises necessary rebuilding

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD: Sir Frederick G. Penny, Vice-Chamberlain, and Sir Frederick C. Thompson, Bt., the Treasurer, with their wands of office

A GIPSY CEREMONY: Mr. Augustus John assisted at the scattering of the ashes of Dr. John Sampson, the eminent Romany scholar, at Foel Goch

UNDERGRADUETTES WITH THE SUFFRAGE: Students of St. Andrews arrive at the Younger Hall to cast their votes in the Rectorial election. General Smuts defeated his rival, Lord Inchcape

BIG GUNS: The shooting season is now in full swing. Here is a group, including the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, at the shoot held by Mr. R. B. Tennent at Buchanan Castle



TRAGEDY AT SEA: The gutted-out deck of the luxury liner *Bermuda*, which was annihilated by fire at Belfast, where she was undergoing repairs. She was damaged by fire in Bermuda last June

TO THE UPPER HOUSE! The belongings of Lord Snowden removed from 11, Downing Street to make room for the effects of Mr. Baldwin. Normally the residence of the Chancellor, No. 11 has been given to Mr. Baldwin to enable him to be in close touch with No. 10

DOOMED: The Elephant and Castle Theatre is to vanish. Here George Arliss made his *début*—and it is rumoured that Mr. Cochran is erecting a cinema on the site

GOLD IN ULSTER: A prospector has found gold on a farm in Mullaghmore, Ulster. Assay was made by the local chemist

FROM ONE VIOLINIST TO ANOTHER: Yehudi Menuhin, the 14-year-old prodigy, with his sisters and the dog he has bought to replace that whose loss so grieved Kreisler

AMERICAN SOCIETY

At Various Functions

HUNTING KIT IN AMERICA: Miss Suzanne Humphreys in more—or less—than "ratcatcher" at the meet of the Essex Foxhounds at Froh-heim, New Jersey. Others were more orthodox

SOCIAL "REGISTRATES": A group on the terrace of The Homestead Hot Springs, Va.—a popular and smart resort. Mr. A. B. Houghton, ex-Ambassador to Britain, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. J. A. Vietor, Miss Houghton, and Dr. J. A. Vietor of New York

HONEYMOON: Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hague. Mrs. Hague was a celebrated opera star who won fame under the name of Mary Lewis

AT THE UNITED HUNTS MEET: Miss Dorothy Fell and Miss Sybil Wigham exploit the latest "fall fashions" (anglice, autumn modes) at Belmont Park

AT THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW: Mrs. G. B. St. George and Mrs. C. Fellowes-Gordon, social leaders of Tuxedo and New York, in their box at the famous Madison Square Garden

"GRANDE TENUE" AT THE HORSE SHOW: Mrs. E. H. Manville, the mother of Countess Folke Bernadotte of Sweden, and Mrs. H. P. H. Ripley at the New York Horse Show

FOLLOWING ON FOOT: Miss Aline Macy and Miss Mary Pierrepont at the meet of the Essex Foxhounds held at Froh-heim, Far Hills, N.J.

DRESSED FOR THE HORSE SHOW: Miss Beatrice Blackwell, a "Society equestrienne" (according to the U.S. caption) at the N.Y. Horse Show

AT THE LAST METROPOLITAN MEET: Miss A. K. Carley and Mr. M. McConney

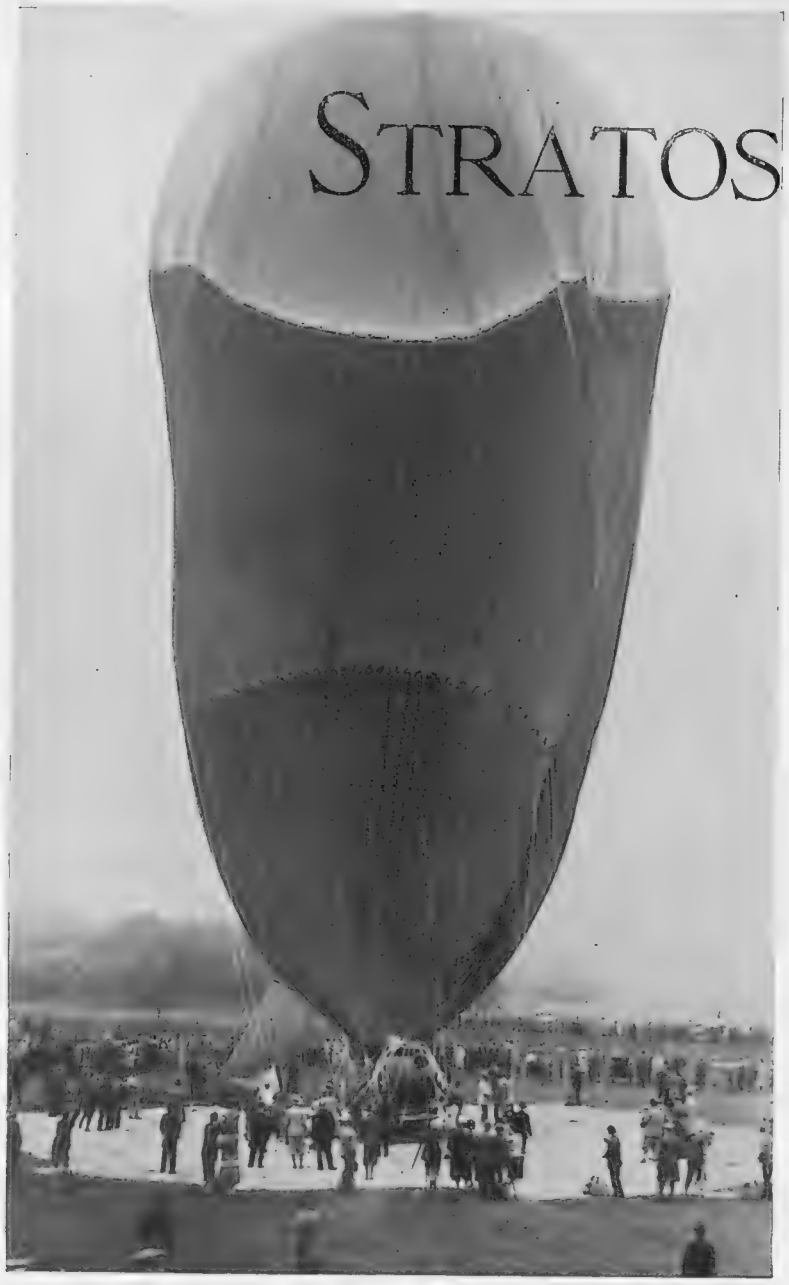
AT BELMONT PARK: Mr. and Mrs. W. Duryea, "prominent clubman" and "ex-deb."

AUTUMNAL TWEED: Mrs. Frederick Moseley and Miss Millicent Hammond at the Essex Foxhound Race meeting at Froh-heim, Far Hills, N.J.

STRATOSPHERE YEAR, 1932

So Few Worlds are Left to Conquer on Earth that the Scientific, the Adventurous, and the Commercial are Turning their Attention to the Upper Air. There, they Believe, Lie the Unfathomed Secrets, the Unexperienced Thrills, and the Indispensable Sinews of Life

By FERDINAND TUOHY



THE ASCENT: The inaugural voyage to the Stratosphere. The grave difficulty lies in the take-off, as the envelope can only be partially inflated owing to the diminution of pressure as the balloon ascends. The rate of ascent is estimated at half-an-hour to the ceiling

BRUSSELS,

November 21, 1931.

A hesitant, delicate, almost girlish-looking young man who blushes nervously as he answers; now half apologetically attending to crackling apparatus, now coming towards one again, white-smocked. You moderate your own voice to put him more at his ease in his own laboratory. And then you feel, oh, what a fool, of a sudden! This fragile, sensitive young man, for whom you would not be over-masculine, will soon be suspended eleven miles above you. And you note, too, what scant attention he pays to the fact, how he waves the risk apart, yes, impatiently aside.

". . . Should the balloon burst above four miles our aluminium globe will naturally tumble over and over as it spins earthward. To counteract this we are fitting a big parachute which we can operate from inside, and the effect of which should be, we hope, to pull the globe vertical and keep it so. Then, when we got down to about four miles we could leave the sphere, using our own parachutes. I hardly think it would be safe to open anything before four miles. The shock might be too great . . ."

And back, with a "*pardon, un instant*," dodges Max Cosyns to his crackling. "I see the fellow means to stay," he says to himself, switching it off. "Just ten minutes, *Monsieur le Directeur*." I am telepathic. "I am well aware how bewitched young scientists become by their work."

We are in the physics laboratory of the Queen Elisabeth Foundation, adjunct of the astonishing Bruggmann Hospital in the suburb of Jette—astonishing because, as one punily approached over broken, rising ground, thoughts travelled instantly to an oh!-so-modern, red-brick Carcassonne. The place is a fortress, must be half-a-mile square, is surrounded by a 30-ft. wall, and dominates the distant city. Here Max Cosyns, former pupil of Professor Piccard, is preparing to take over from that valiant pioneer. On the first favourable day after April 15 next, Cosyns, in the company of a Belgian aeronaut yet to be chosen, will rise dizzily from Augsburg in an effort to collect some of the data Piccard and Kipfer, owing to maiden inexperience, mishaps, and trying to do too much simultaneously, were last May unable to bring to earth. Why the change of crew? Madame Piccard said to me yesterday, "I do not forbid my husband to go up again, but perhaps he feels . . ."

"And Kipfer, Madame, the strong young bachelor, Kipfer?" "His father has so weak a heart that the doctors . . ."

Again that slight embarrassment in the room. The reason being simply this: Belgium, which sponsored the first men in the stratosphere, desires Belgians should go there next time, and Piccard and Kipfer are Swiss. Not the remotest cavalierness to the latter is implied. Perhaps they would like to go back; I rather suspect so. Well, instead they are going to help with a will on earth, science being like that. Soon Kipfer will leave for Innsbrück where, with Professor Hess, he will climb the mountains to 4,000 metres in order to give Cosyns certain data up to that height, thereby simplifying Cosyns' task as he bounds up the first 4,000 metres in his leaping laboratory. As for Piccard, he is supervising everything and will, literally, see his disciple off the earth.

THE AERIAL LABORATORY: A corner of the interior of the sphere in which Professor Piccard made his historic ascent. In the forthcoming adventure M. Cosyns will not take so much apparatus, as he intends to concentrate exclusively on the subject of cosmic rays; all instruments he does take will, however, be in duplicate, lest the jar of the take-off fracture one

The signs, indeed, are that 1932 will probably go down in aerial annals as Stratosphere Year. In five countries plans are going forward to quit the breathing world and explore by aeroplane or balloon what lies beyond. Perhaps it isn't so hard to see why there's all this keenness about the upper air: it is one of the few remaining things which "haven't been done" . . . what with débutantes getting tired of parties and collecting cubs by air, and a young gentleman spending the winter alone on an ice cap and reporting that it's fine for reading, and a second young decadent getting to Australia in eight days in bedroom slippers . . . and . . . all that. The word just now in the air is: up there, *right up there*. A new world to conquer. *Cela suffit*.

In parenthesis, are we all quite clear about this new world? We should be, for it's the clearest thing imaginable. In case, however, of casualties, thus far permit me to impart information in the profanest, lay manner. The stratosphere indicates space above 35,000 ft., above the Cirrus or cloud ceiling. Beneath, the troposphere whose moisture and atmospheric pressure enable us to carry on in this vale.

Above, the very celestial stratosphere wherein the wind blows ever horizontally, and (it is thought) lightly where the air for crystal clearness knocks Monte Carlo on a January morn into a cocked hat, and where (we so far know) it varies from 60 to 80 degrees (Centigrade) below zero. Always gloriously fine up there, but with this drawback: a pressure only a tenth of our own, which would lead to certain bodily disturbances did we brave it unshelled in airtight aluminium. Cosyns expects to see 300 miles, but only clouds, not countries, there being always mist covering us. Not the wildest tempest below affects the stratosphere, a world apart, so still, so radiant.

Its peculiar attraction for Junkers and Farman and Short Brothers reposes in the fact of immense speed being attainable at no greater fuel outlay. In an atmospheric density nine times more feeble than current flight encounters, speed will be three times as great. This speed, indispensable in order that the machine may be sustained, will not imply more fuel, because if the aeroplane consumes three times as much in an hour it also flies thrice as fast. But there

THE PIONEER: Professor Piccard in his aluminium balloon last summer. The balloon was painted black and white, but the heat attracted by the black paint was too great

INFLATION: The scene at Augsburg, when the envelope inflated with helium gas—the non-inflammable gas attempts to attain the Stratosphere, the second aluminium alloy sphere depends cannot be the ground. Once lifted

TO ATTEMPT THE STRATOSPHERE: M. Max Cosyns, the Belgian pupil of Professor Piccard, who in 1932 will continue the work his master inaugurated

are immense difficulties yet to be overcome, not least how to mount so high without expending all one's petrol.

Piccard is a confirmed believer in the rocket arriving one day as adjunct to the engine, and Junkers intend to experiment with one at seven or eight miles if they can get their sealed monoplane as high. The stratosphere, it seems, is *the* place for rockets. If a rocket is employed, say, at seven miles, it will shoot the machine up to nine miles, adding its own power to the speed at which the aeroplane was already travelling. Briefly, then, the constructors envisage a distant day when long-distance flight will normally occur in the stratosphere, and to-day, already, the first experimental stratoplanes are in gestation in the United States, in Germany, in France. And Junkers are expected to show the way in 1932.

The flyers will be hermetically enclosed with their own air, as Piccard was, and owing to its great speed breeding icy cold, the monoplane will be all black, a colour attracting heat.

Yet it is necessary at this stage to make clear that if ascents next year will be made by two different means, so also men will have two different motives in going up. The stratoplanists hope to cruise about gleaning virgin experience in rarefied air. Max Cosyns will be taken aloft by an aeronaut with the exclusive mission of studying cosmic rays. He is not taking any other instruments, unlike Piccard, who took up a trailing *sonde électrostate* and other things unconnected with rays.

Ascetically aloof from mere speed, stands science. Even the stratoplane constructors are almost as profane ones, out for tangible reward, beside the Einstein-Piccard-Cosyns searchers after the origin of matter, for that is essentially the direction towards which the cosmic ray hunt at present tends to point. So you see this stratosphere of ours is quite an exciting place, as Noel Coward might say. For, among other things, the rays may or may not be Us. This would shock young Cosyns clean out of his laboratory, and I spared him, yet broadly — most broadly—'tis this beyond-adjective, beyond-a-hundred-horizons possibility which in the last analysis brings the light to the scientific eye, the fever to the brow.

Was matter anterior to radiation or was it the other way round? Did rays precede the creation of material atoms, was it in fact a case of God in the beginning making light, and was this light succeeded by rays which in turn made matter, including our ignoble selves? What Cosyns wants to encroach even minutely upon is, whence do these rays derive? So far nobody knows, though an Homeric process of elimination is yielding results.

They evidently do not come from the earth because the American Professor Millikan was able to quench them by immersing a vase containing air vertically 150 ft. under water in a lake in the Andes. As the rays are present day and night they cannot be of the sun. Nor does the changing state of the stellar heavens affect them. Anyway, Piccard told me he thinks the rays "seem not to have their origin in the stars but in matter of very little density, because the secondary rays of the cosmic rays are longer at a height of five miles than at ten." He was able, at least, to measure that.

Now young Cosyns is jettisoning every instrument not directly connected with the rays. He will take up variants of Millikan's vase. The great thing will be to check like mad as he rushes upward, for that will be the best time to collect data, and then to be able to regulate the descent, now slow, now fast, now floating, for unless this can be done Cosyns cannot bring his instruments into adequate play. And the whole gist is to get results from personally controlled instruments, since both Oxford and the Smithsonian Institute have long been able to obtain data from the *ballon sonde*, rising, I believe, to over thirty miles.

Here are Cosyns' plans—

"We shall ascend from Augsburg because our balloon was left there, and they've got a splendid factory. Piccard had to leave the sphere on the Obergurgl. Augsburg gives the great calm imperative for getting away with a 60 by 30 yards balloon only partially filled—later the gas will expand—and we can come down 1,000 kilometres in any direction without striking the sea. We are still thrashing out alterations. There's been so much to learn! For example, when the professor went up he knew what the temperature *outside* would be—50 below—but he hadn't an idea what it might be *inside*. He feared it might go to 50 over, meaning asphyxiation, and yet again, that it might freeze. So he painted his globe alternately black and white—the former drawing heat, the latter repelling it—and fitted a gadget to keep the sphere rotating, the idea being to be prepared for both worlds, hot and cold. The gear failed, and he took in 40 deg. of heat because he had to stay up sixteen hours surrounded by so much black paint! And at the start, in the excitement, he forgot his water! This time we know what to expect. My new globe will be all-white, and I am aiming at a temperature of 25 Centigrade.

"The chief changes will be a starting apparatus, the working of the valve and all instruments in duplicate. Piccard bumped badly in getting clear, and this caused the tiny fissure which, had they not plugged it while going up, would have led to their being burst to pieces. But it took them ten minutes of the most valuable time. The second disappointment, which nearly killed them and let them down so slowly that scientific results were meagre, was the valve, which was outside. A simple cord became twisted, but they could not touch it or, again, they'd have been blown to bits, and so they had to stay up until gas elimination gradually let them down. That was no good for their purpose. So I am having the valve-piece inside. Apparatus is being taken in double because the jolting broke some of Piccard's."

"Are you taking wireless?"

"Yes. But only for notifying our position should we come down remotely. There will be no time for any wirelessing while we're up. We shall be slaving every second. Besides, transmitting gear would get in the way. We shan't be up long if all goes well. Half an hour for the ascent to ceiling—17,000 metres—two hours up, one hour coming down=3½ hours. No, no, that's all nonsense about attempts at records. Piccard did not get above 51,581 ft. because of technical difficulties. I am simply going to the balloon's limit. It will be ample."

I invited Cosyns' opinion of the Shorts' notion of going up seventeen miles, and from England.

"Perhaps," he smiled, "it would be wiser to commence with smaller things. That height would require a balloon nearly double the size of ours of 16,000 cubic metres, and I can assure you it will take us all our time to get even *that* off the earth in its limp state! And where in England, more than in Belgium, can you get the perfect calm? And you with the sea on all sides of you. As to broadcasting from up there—why not? But I do not believe in the great winds—gales—that might carry one at great speed seventeen miles high."

BEFORE THE START: Professor Piccard made two attempts to attain the Stratosphere; at the first he found it impossible to leave the ground, but the second was, for a pioneer attempt, triumphantly successful. Augsburg provides the calm atmosphere necessary for such attempts

of the Piccard Stratosphere balloon was laid out to be used in the *Graf Zeppelin*. Professor Piccard made two which was successful. The envelope from which the inflated, and is, in consequence, very difficult to get off however, its ascent is rapid

THE VEHICLE OF ASCENT: The spherical cabin in which Piccard and Kipfer made their ascent, seen on the Gross Gurdi Ferner Glacier. The substance is an alloy of aluminium and tin. Air—for there is only the most rarefied air in the Stratosphere, and that is 50 degrees below zero Centigrade—is provided in the hermetically-sealed sphere by filters

THE GREATEST OF THE APES: A gorilla emerges from his jungle fastness to take a "look-see" at the photographer. He subsequently retired hastily. The look of indignant astonishment on the animal's face is inimitable in its humanity

THE SMALLEST OF MEN: One of the pygmies of the Ituri Forest, Belgian Congo, where the photographer of the Martin Johnson Expedition prepares to make the first sound pictures ever recorded of the pygmy colony. An aged pygmy is seen above

GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT: Mr. Martin Johnson, the leader of the Expedition, towers over the denizens of the Ituri Forest. The primitive weapons borne by the warrior on the left recall the ancient classical legend of the chronic wars between the cranes and the pygmies

MAINLY NOSE: A characteristic impression of the great aquatic mammal of the tropics—the hippopotamus. This particular picture was taken by the Martin Johnson Expedition in the Rutshuru River, *en route* up the Congo

THE OLD MAN OF THE WOODS: A vivid study of a baby Colubus monkey—one of the most human-looking simians in existence. The venerability of this jungle infant is deliciously ironical—a picture taken in the Ituri Forest by the Martin Johnson Expedition

A DUAL PRIZE: A pair of gorillas snared by the Martin Johnson Expedition during the leader's most extensive *safari* in Africa. Many of his photographic records were obtained in the Parc National Albert, established by the Belgian Government to save the gorilla from extinction. Talkie records of the pygmy language and the gorilla screech were made—the latter alleged to contain twenty different sounds. Three live gorillas were brought back to the San Diego, California, Zoo by the Expedition, which was compelled to abandon its cars after a short time for transport on foot

GORILLAS and PYGMIES

Recorded by the Martin Johnson Expedition

West of Lake Albert, in the Belgian Congo, stretches the Ituri Highland, and in the forests dwell the pygmies. The paths into the forest are overgrown and dark, sometimes scarcely distinguishable in places arched over by ferns and palms; in places they are mere runways, so that an ordinary sized man has to crouch low to proceed at all.

Here the sun has scarcely ever penetrated, the air is cool, and the ground damp; creepers and mosses cover the trees, and the forest floor is carpeted with flowers and ferns and many kinds of fungoid growths. Red ants sometimes bar the way; these ferocious little creatures are to be avoided, though they present almost the only danger, for the human inhabitants of the forest depths, the pygmies, are harmless and friendly people.

The pygmies are probably of the oldest aboriginal strain in Africa. Traces of them are found almost everywhere, and it is suggested that they were in very early days pushed aside by a superior race of invaders. The real pygmy is found in scattered communities throughout the forest area of the Congo, and they are not at all a mean, cringing people as might be supposed.

Indeed, they have little fear of the larger built men of other tribes who live around them. The forest dwarfs are simple people who boast of no worldly goods beyond their bows and arrows and small spears. They are carefree—of high morals, clean, and their only vice is tobacco which they like when they can get it, for they do not grow the plant. They have no gods.

In these days they use a small piece of monkey skin or bark cloth as dress, though all males carry the small bow and quiver full of arrows smeared with a paste made from the deadly strychnine (strophanthus) seed, and many carry primitive pan pipes. For they are fond of music and dancing, and round the glow of the forest fire in the evenings may be seen in numbers gesturing and wriggling in absurd, imitative fashion to the harmony of pipe and drum. And the noise and action will continue for a long time before the performers withdraw to their dwelling-places on the edge of the forest clearing, a shelter made by first drawing down saplings and the boughs of trees to form a kind of tent frame.

The Ituri forest pygmy is not black and has little in common with the negroes of the Bantu stock who live in this territory. His skin is of a yellowish brown colour. A keen tracker, he loves meat and, not being fastidious, all sorts, snakes, lizards, beetles, and grubs, find a way into the communal pot.

Elephant, too, are done to death by these cunning hunters with their plaything weapons. They stalk the giant in the forests and spear him to death, when all the clan gathers round for a dance of triumph and an orgy of meat eating. Standing on a mound and watching these tiny folk at an encampment is like looking down on a regiment of busy ants scurrying about.

The average height of the full-grown male is 54 to 55 in., and the females are about 2 in. shorter. They seem made for the forests, the secrets and by-ways of which they know and utilize as no others do. They are of the tree world, and the forest is their life.

And yet, though the sombreness of the forests is impressed on their features and temperament, they can laugh and be merry, and they are good friends.

DOWN UNDER

Life on an Australian Sheep Station

A short time ago I received an invitation to spend a few weeks on one of the largest stations in Australia.

I had, not unnaturally, expected to find that living conditions would be somewhat primitive in a place so cut off from civilization, but it would be no exaggeration to say that I had not seen a more complete and up-to-date home in the whole of Sydney. The house was supplied with its own electric current—even the kitchen was fitted with an electric stove; there was a long-distance telephone, a combined radio receiver and gramophone, a billiard table, and every other luxury imaginable.

One of the most interesting of the outbuildings was the station store. It contained at least six months' provisions for the fifty-four people employed or living on the property, and it would be almost as easy to describe what this store did not contain as what it did. One room in the store was devoted to the library, where there were no less than three thousand volumes, ranging from the Bible and standard works to the latest best-sellers. In another room was a veritable armoury, complete with rifles, shot-guns and pistols, and enough ammunition for a small army. The station had its own cricket club and everyone played tennis; even a rough nine-hole golf course had been made in one of the paddocks.

On the front veranda of the house I found a large stand-telescope through which it was possible to see the country for miles around. Through it I could distinguish rabbits running about the hillside in the far distance, and it was interesting to notice that the land on the other side of the boundary fence was quite brown and drab where the grass had been eaten by them, whereas on the near side all was green and bright. It was explained that the rabbits did much damage by eating up the grass needed for the sheep—damage that was estimated at thousands of pounds yearly.

On this station there were eleven boundary riders, each of whom was provided with his own hut, two horses, and a pack of dogs. These huts were, on an average, about sixty miles from the homestead and separated from one another by some eighty miles, thus having very large areas to be patrolled. Each man was required to make a complete report to the station overseer at the homestead every evening by telephone.

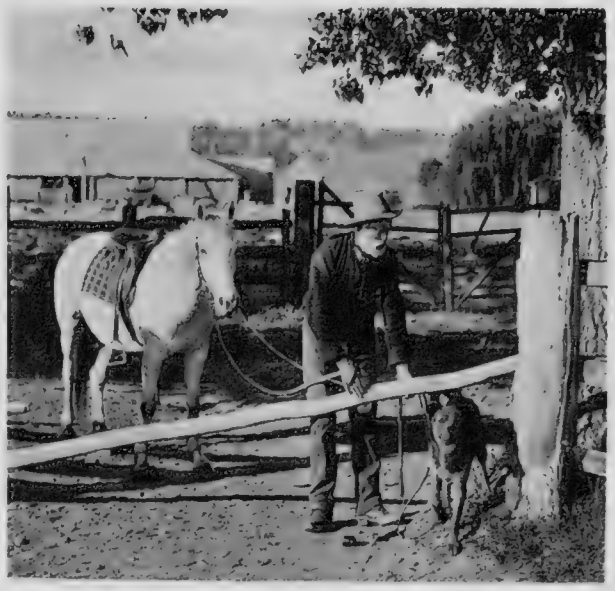
To drive a large flock of sheep is comparatively easy, especially if there are one or two good sheep-dogs helping, for in a flock they will remain together and may be moved quietly in the required direction, but in twos and threes they are the most exasperating brutes. If there are five, they will go in five different directions, and when they are exhausted they will lie down. There is nothing so conducive to rage as to look down from one's sweating horse upon an old ewe which lies panting but otherwise inert.

It generally happens, however, that a flock is soon amassed; the baa-ing attracts stragglers, and when a hundred or two have been gathered together they are driven along the line of musterers to the centre. Without dogs, this work is extremely fatiguing and needs infinite patience. Just when all seems to be going well, one or two sheep will break away and run in the opposite direction, and to prevent the rest of the mob following and to bring back the strays often requires several hours' hard work.

The shearers are a coarse and noisy crowd, but are nevertheless very amusing. Their evenings are usually spent in singing and dancing to the accompaniment of accordeon, mouth-organ, and violin. On most stations there are very strict orders against the men possessing liquor of any sort, but this does not prevent the shearers bringing an ample supply with them. When this gives out, during a particularly hilarious gathering, they will drink methylated spirits!

After the shearing is over, the men move off to the next station, which is often a couple of hundred miles distant, and then, when the season finishes, the band breaks up to seek casual labour until the next year.

It would, of course, be far too expensive to send cattle to the markets by train, and in many cases the stations are hundreds of miles from the nearest railway. Therefore large herds must be driven down to the city.



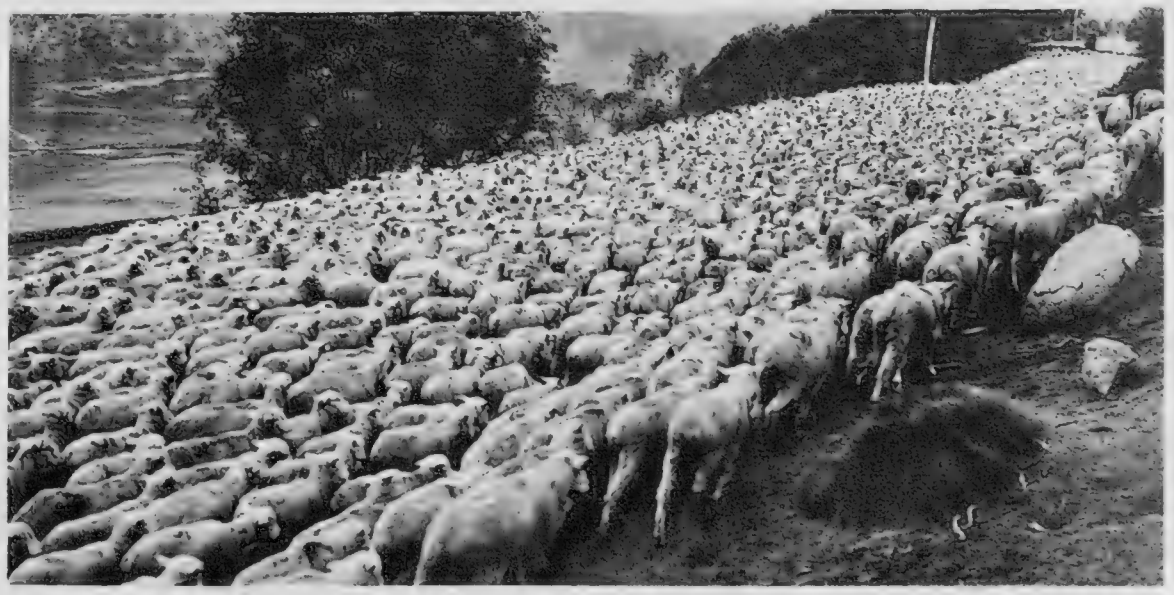
THE BOUNDARY RIDER: There are eleven of these men on the station described in the accompanying article—each provided with a hut, two horses, and a pack of dogs. Living some fifty odd miles from the homestead, they report every evening by telephone

THE DROVER: The Australian stockman does not carry firearms and lasso like the American cowboy. His sole "property" is a long stock whip, with which the wielder can flick a cigarette from a friend's lips or cut the head off a snake

STAMPEDE: It is at such moments as these that stockmen are tested. If a waterhole has dried up and a forced march becomes obligatory, there is grave danger of stampede when water is at last reached

"SHOWING THE CRIMP" is the technical and colloquial term for displaying the samples of wool. A sheep-shearer is paid £2 per hundred sheep shorn—by the electric clipper, of course. So swiftly is it done that he makes £4 per day. Fines check over-hasty work

WHEAT GOES TO MARKET: A great wagon drawn by ten horses arranged two, three, three, one, one, from the cart, takes its lumbering way through the rough roads of the district. Cattle are driven to the nearest city for sale



JUST A FEW SHEEP: Some of the 80,000 sheep (of which 20,000 are rams) on the station described in the accompanying article. The beasts in this picture have just been shorn at the rate of 200 per day per shearer. A huge flock of sheep like this is far easier for a stockman to handle than a group of five or so, for they are quite docile *en masse*, but very obstinate and self-willed individually

A VICTIM OF A BRAINY SMASH AND GRAB: The Bond Street establishment of Leighton's who suffered to the extent of £750. The thieves waited until the window was fully dressed; they then lashed the door to an adjoining entrance and, with an eye on the automatic traffic signals, smashed the window just as the light turned green, facilitating a clear get away

The WINTER *is* OPEN SEASON *for* BURGLARIES

Striking Instances of Thefts and Losses Disclosed by Insurance Assessors, and the Tricks Resorted to by Rare Unscrupulous Agents and Unscrupulous Insurers to Save or Turn a Dishonest Pound

By CHARLES GRAVES

With the approach of December many things come into season—among them mince pies, Christmas presents, and burglaries. The long nights, early dusks, frequent fogs and mists, all make this period of the year a busy one for thieves, and particularly cat burglars. If you do not believe me, ask one of the great firms of assessors and valuers who represent Lloyd's. I have just spent the afternoon with two of them.

The phrase, A 1 at Lloyd's, is known all over the world. There was a German woman not long ago who insisted on discovering whether the *Mauretania* was A 1 at Lloyd's before she would risk her life in a transatlantic voyage. Lloyd's insurances are carried wherever risks are insurable. It was only the other day that Lloyd's paid out £300,000 to an American bank in respect of the defalcations of an employee who had defrauded them of that amount. Nearly every householder in the country insures against theft and loss, and Lloyd's stands the racket. Of course, every loss or theft needs investigation and confirmation, and this is where the assessors and valuers come in.

Perhaps you have been burgled yourself, and know the nice type of young man who calls on you and courteously asks for details with regard to your insurance claim. If you have so far been lucky and escaped the need to claim, let me give you a word of advice from the horse's mouth. When one of these men come along, do not leave him hanging about the hall. He does not like it any more than you would.

As one of them said to me, "We are naturally more anxious to pay out to people who are pleasant to us." By the same token it is unwise to attempt even the smallest bribery, though this happens quite often. Jewellery is usually the article on which claims are made most frequently; but insurance covers anything from twins to earthquakes, and the oddest losses are reported and the queerest risks are insured against.

One man not long ago insured against the risk of his mother-in-law living for another month. The doctor said that she was sure to die within a week, but the son-in-law was determined to have some kind of financial compensation in case the doctor was wrong. However, the doctor was right.

Risks which cover the loss or theft of furniture are usually rather dull affairs. But who would ever suppose that Lloyd's would have to pay out for the theft of eight mahogany doors? Yet this happened not long ago. An empty house was being "done up," and the workmen had just gone off for luncheon when a van drew up, out of which four burglars emerged. Quickly and efficiently they removed eight mahogany doors from their hinges and drove off with them. The doors being 2½ in. thick and 7 ft. high and 120 years old, the assessors had to pay £320 to the owner. On investigation it appeared that the thieves had arrived dressed up as workmen in caps and overalls, and the policeman who was watching them never supposed for one minute, when he saw the doors removed, that there was anything sinister in it.

At the present moment there is quite a fashion in the underworld for stealing Adam's mantelpieces. You would not imagine that anyone could get away with it. But they do. It is even more fashionable than the smash-and-grab raids on jewellers' shops, which have rather died down in the past few months. For, as in everything else, there are cycles in law-breaking. Not long ago Lloyd's were paying out to golf club after golf club on insurances against loss by stealing. The thieves would come along in plus fours and carrying golf clubs stolen from some unattended motor-car. Having paid their green fee they would disappear into the changing-room and depart with the contents of the various members' golf jackets and other objects in the locker-rooms.

In cases like this it is rather difficult to assess satisfactorily the loss sustained by the insured persons. Your favourite bag of clubs, collected after years of careful selection, is worth much more to you than the nominal value of it. It will be the same with an old and fragrant suit of tweeds like those which young Lady Seafield lost from her motor-car last week in the West End. But most assessors are nice people, and though objects of sentimental value cannot always be valued at the high rate at which the victimized owners estimate them, they are usually very generous. Incidentally, one of the most important assessors in the country had his overcoat stolen the other day. It was three months after he bought it. But he assessed it for himself at the original purchase price all right. I have made a note of that myself in case of accidents to my own.

DURING A SERVANTS' BALL, a year ago Lady (Ian) Malcolm suffered a serious robbery at 57, Onslow Square (seen here), for the house was quite empty of occupants

Not all assessors and valuers are the same, however. There are some who, when confronted with a claim for £100, will say "What about settling for £50?" This kind of behaviour infuriates the honest ones who do not think it clever to screw people down. The best firms never bargain. Mind you, a high percentage of people who are only partially insured never read their insurance policy and imagine erroneously that they are insured against every kind of risk. There have been occasions, on the other hand, where people have claimed too little and the assessors will advise them that they are entitled to more. But this does not often happen.

On the whole I gather that the public are extraordinarily honest. It is just as well, of course, that they are—because assessors are very clever people who go to a great deal of trouble to find out the exact circumstances of a loss and frequently can help the police. Their researches on the scene of the crime are conducted from a different angle and sometimes yield unexpected clues. The police, although there is no official association between them, are still more frequently useful to the assessors.

But while there are many occasions when the assessors have to pay up and look pleasant even though, to use their own phrase, they are sure that it is "a screaming ramp," there has been only a handful of instances where a real fraud has been detected. The most dramatic of these concerned a £3,500 pearl necklace. The insured woman on this occasion wanted the cash instead of the usual procedure of a substitute of the same value. But she did not get it. Moreover, she died within a few weeks of the arrival of the new one. At the disposal of her effects one of her executors asked the lady's maid whether she would like any small possession of her mistress as a keepsake. The girl said that she would, and was given one of the cushions out

VICTIMS OF RECENT BURGLARIES: *From left to right*: The Maharaja of Daibhanga, who lost a considerable sum at the Savoy Hotel; the Countess of Seafield; Lady Cecil Douglas, from whose car £7,000 worth of jewellery was stolen; Mrs. Greville Stevens (Miss Betty Hulton) who was victimized by thieves at a country house but failed to recover; Lady Louis Mountbatten, who was robbed when staying in a country house on Long Island; Lady Ludlow who, when her jewel collection valued at a quarter of a million was stolen from Bath House, was fortunate enough to recover the actual objects stolen; Lady (Ian) Malcolm, whose house was robbed during the Servants' Ball a year ago; and the Maharaja of Burdwan, whose house in Kensington Gore was burgled

of the motor-car which, in turn, she gave to her own mother. Six months later, the mother, who usually used the cushion to lean against, fell down and sat on the cushion. Feeling something hard underfoot, she ripped open the cushion and found the necklace sewn up in a silk handkerchief belonging to the dead woman. The daughter, who was now a servant in another house, was informed and took it off to the family solicitors. They, in turn, informed the assessors, who for months had harboured a strong suspicion that there had been something "phoney" about it. Subsequent inquiries showed that the woman had been blackmailed for years and no doubt had wanted the cash value of the necklace to pay the blackmailer.

Blackmail is often found to be the cause of thefts. Sometimes it leads to tragic results. There was a man who claimed for the loss of a piece of his daughter's jewellery not long ago. The assessor, who told me the story, went and investigated the matter, and came to the unhesitating conclusion that the thief was the insured man's housekeeper, who had been in his service for thirty-three years. When he voiced his suspicions, the man said that it was quite impossible, and that he thought so highly of his housekeeper that he preferred to drop his claim. He then went off on a holiday to Torquay. A week later he telephoned the assessor to say that his housekeeper had committed suicide. Subsequent revelations showed that she had been carrying on with a young house-painter, who had been blackmailing her for months, and who insisted that she should make a final clean-up in the absence of her master, and despite the suspicion already centring on her. It was at this stage that she took poison.

AT BATH HOUSE, a spectacular robbery took place—a collection valued at £250,000 being stolen from Lady Ludlow. It was subsequently recovered but no details of the event were given

Two morals can be drawn from this tragedy. It is the experience of assessors that in an astonishing number of cases it is the Faithful Old Family Retainer, whom nobody suspects, who is usually the thief. This holds good in banks and shops and business firms, as well as in private houses. Frequently it is found that the F.O.F.R. has been doing it for years. The other point is in connection with house-painters. It is very inadvisable to employ casual labour when anything is being done about the house. Always go to a big and respectable firm of house-painters — and window-cleaners too. They may cost more, but the records of the men are all carefully scrutinized, and there is no danger that they may be in league with a gang of thieves to whom they will give a plan of the house and an account of the daily routine of the owners and the regular household.

This case of the housekeeper who committed suicide is not the only one where the independent investigations of an assessor have led to a suicide. The assessor who told me this story told me also of a man who defrauded a bank, which was insured against this kind of thing, with forged documents. The assessor kept on the job for weeks and then, just when the net was ready to be drawn, the suspected man blew his brains out.

Besides their job of assessing and valuing losses, these experts have other things to do. When there was that air smash at Meopham, and Lady Ednam and Mrs. Loeffler and the others were killed, the assessors naturally sent out agents to scour the countryside for the valuables which had been lost and were scattered over a quarter-mile of Kentish cherry orchards. One of the bitterest experiences of another assessor I spoke to was his visit to a house which had been burnt down. It was known that it contained a good deal of jewellery. In a biting east wind and driving rain the assessor searched about the ruined house, sifting cinders, running his fingers through ashes and other wreckage. He was looking for a £1,000 brooch and a £500 necklace. All he found was a curtain-ring.

Salvage often enables assessors to recover a good deal of reported losses in the case of jewellery. But usually if anything comes back it is as the result of offering a reward. On an average, about 15 per cent. of losts valuables are recovered in this way. The biggest reward ever offered was one of £10,000 for a pearl necklace despatched from Paris to London, a reproduction of which appears. Moreover, the necklace was recovered. It was found in the lining of an overcoat in a slum of Toulouse. And the £10,000 was paid up. That is a point worth making.

Assessors find that the public is rather sceptical about the payment of money for information given which leads to the discovery of the lost property. On this occasion the £10,000 had to be split up among a dozen different people. One firm, in the course of a year, pays out about £20,000 a year in rewards. But it is no good going to them and saying that if they will advance you, say, £50, you will be able to recover it for them. Assessors have no green in their eye. Many people, however, come along most optimistically with this suggestion. They always say that it is necessary to bribe some informant of theirs in order to discover the whereabouts of the missing property. Assessors, however, only pay on results.

Take the case of the clairvoyante in Madrid. A Spanish nobleman had lost some jewellery. The English assessor went out to investigate. Nothing was found. A reward of £5,000 was offered. Finally, a crystal-gazer offered her services. After throwing herself in a swoon, she said that the jewellery was to be found in a certain house in a certain street in a certain town in the United States, and then, having emerged from the swoon, confidently asked for her £5,000, spot cash. The assessors concerned cabled their agents in America, only to discover there was no such street. The money was not paid over.

THE FAMOUS TRAIL OF JEWELS which were scattered like a paper-chase over Charles Street, Hatton Garden, originated in the burglary of Messrs. Greengross (the entrance to which firm is here seen), who were mulcted by thieves to the tune of £10,000

Sometimes very strange people sidle into the offices of firms who are offering rewards. Thieves occasionally come in and say that if someone went to the cloak-room of St. Pancras, for example, and looked for a suit-case with the initials C. R. on it, they would find what they wanted. These are usually men who are double-crossing some gang which has not split up the profits of the burglary in an equable manner. For there is little honour among thieves. These informants are usually satisfied with their revenge and seldom come back for the reward.

One reason why things that are lost in the street very often come back when a reward is offered is because the public is beginning to discover that within a very few hours all the pawnbrokers and jewellers in the country will be warned about the article in question, and if the finder tries to pledge it he will have the police on him before he has left the shop. While one of these assessors was discussing this with me, he produced a large diamond ear-ring from his pocket. "That came back to me to-day," he said; "it was lost six months ago. Now a workman has handed it in to the police. He said he had found it in the gutter, placed it in a pair of trousers that he had not worn again until yesterday, and then handed it in. It is a pity he did not do it before. We have already replaced it."

This business of finding things in the street led my friend, the assessor, to make an amusing generalization. "Believe it or not," he said, "but those people who are most positive about their movements at the time of the reported loss are nearly always quite inaccurate. Quite recently a woman said she had lost a pearl necklace, and produced two servants, one of whom swore that she had seen her mistress place it on the table when she went to bed; while the other said that she had seen it on her mistress's neck when she came into the house. This girl went on to say that she had particularly noticed that the emerald clasp had come undone. I did not believe it was a theft, because no one could have got into the house. So I advertised for it, and two days later it was returned to me, picked up in the street."

How many claims a day does a big assessor receive? Well, here is the list of pink folders that lay on the desk of one of them when I paid my call yesterday:

£70, burglary.
£260, theft of jewellery.
£800, burglary, clothes, valuables, etc.
£3,000, a diamond dealer's wallet (pickpocket).
£500, burglary of country house.
£500, theft from nursing home.
£88, burglary from cottage.

The smallest claim paid by this man's firm was for half-guinea, the claimant having lost one glove in a taxi-cab. The most frivolous was that of a man who said that he had partially singed the seat of his trousers against an electric stove. The most humorous was that of a man who claimed £500 "for the loss of his wife." He meant, of course, his wife's loss.

(Continued on p. 372)

NOTICES OF REWARD are posted up at Messrs. Tyler's, 45, Holborn Viaduct. These amount frequently to substantial sums

STOLEN! Three of the reward bills at Messrs. Tyler's, Holborn Viaduct, offering appreciable sums for information leading to, or the actual return of, stolen goods. The notice on the right shows the largest reward ever offered—£10,000. This was claimed and paid, but was divided between several beneficiaries

PARIS, the CENTRE of FRANCE

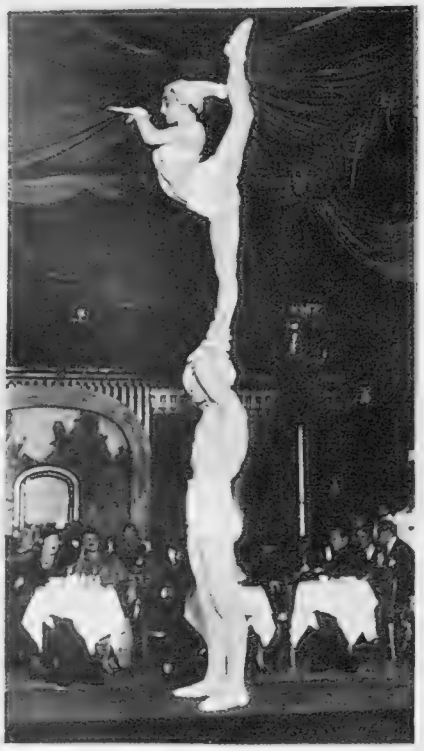
Facets of Life in the French Capital

SYMPTOMS OF WINTER: Braziers have already made their appearance in the streets of Paris where the winter is usually cold and raw. They prove extremely popular!

THE TRICYCLE RACE: "The city of curious races" is a fair pseudonym for Paris, for the events held include races for all classes. This shows the tradesmen's boys' race

AT THE HEAD OF THE STATE: A solemn note was struck when M. Laval returned to Paris after his voyage from the U.S.A. The position of France is extremely dubious at the moment, for the acute industrial depression is inclined to force many nations to follow the example of Britain and abandon the gold standard. If this should happen, France's stupendous amassed wealth would be transformed to "frozen gold"

A DEMOCRATIC QUEEN: Mlle Janine Bottler, the twenty-one-year-old brunette, elected queen of the Latin quarter by popular acclaim



A GERMAN TRIUMPH: A trio of German acrobats have staged a triumphant debut one feature of which, executed by two of them, is seen here

"THE CITY OF CURIOUS RACES": Maitres d'hotel, waiters, chefs, and chasseurs, all dressed in working clothes, indulged in a race. Boot-polish was issued to the competitors and they had to shine their shoes at the end of the race! The exuberance and irresponsibility of Parisian life, here typified, add much to the gaiety of the famous city

MIDINETTES TO LOSE THEIR BOURSE: The famous meeting place of out-of-work milliners is now to disappear

MARSHAL FOCH: The magnificent statue which left Paris a few days ago to be erected at Perpignan, the birthplace of the great Basque warrior

THE HUNTING CLUB OF FRANCE: An aristocratic gathering in the Scherezade Cabaret where hunting pink was much in evidence. This picture and that immediately above it show the gaiety of Paris—a gaiety seen at the upper and lower ends of the social scale. The middle register, however, works—and pays rather than plays!

JUSTICE: Lano, slayer of a gendarme who was about to arrest him, now on trial, confers with his counsel

LITTLE BRITONS: The new garden play-school opened in Paris for young English children under the auspices of Mrs. Haynes and Miss Salberg

TRAMS TO GO: The lumbering trams with their famous hooters are to give place to up-to-date buses in the interests of traffic efficiency. This view outside the Gare St. Lazare shows how these cumbersome vehicles impede the traffic in the French capital—now at long last well-organized

GERMANY—1931

A Pictorial Survey of a Starving (?) Land

HAMBURG FROM THE AIR: A vivid impression of the great harbour of Germany. With the gaining of the blue riband of the Atlantic, a great impetus has been given to German shipping, and considerable alterations have been made to modernize the docks at Hamburg

WOMEN JOCKEYS OF GERMANY: A group comprising Fräulein Perske Schmidt-Pauli, Panse, Schlarfke, Becker, von Mitz-Laff, and Berger, at the Heppegarten Race Meeting. The rapid emancipation of the post-War German girl is a marvel even to sociologists; and that emancipation has expressed itself in the form of a mania for athletics and sports of all kinds

THE ROOFS OF BERLIN provide a magnificent view from the newly-opened roof garden of Europa House. So effective is it, in fact, that our artist is seen at work perpetuating it for future days

SAFETY FIRST: German police in Berlin are forced by regulation to load their revolvers over a sand tub before proceeding on duty

THE MEETING OF THE AERO-ARCTIC EXPEDITION was held in the Flugverbandhaus, Berlin, a few days ago. Dr. Eckener is seen above addressing Professor R. Samoilowitsch, Herr Bruns, Professor von Vicker, Herr Scherderup, and Herr Person

A DUAL RÔLE: Fritz Reppel, who is by day a newspaper vendor and seller of cigarettes is, by night, a noted boxer—a calling that leaves scars. The depression through which Germany is passing can have no more eloquent evidence than this plight of a boxer

A GARDEN OF LIVING FLOWERS: A scene in one of the many *kindergarten* established in Berlin, at which working mothers can leave their children under trained and sympathetic supervision—a course necessitated by the number of women who have to work

THE CAR-KNACKERS: The Auto-Friedhof—or burial place for cars. A motor is seen being dismantled for future use as a marine engine

THE SYMBOL OF MERCY: The Red Cross in Berlin is not solely carrying on its work of mercy among the sick, for the indigent and needy children at school are now given meals

AN EFFECTIVE ENTRANCE: Two American eccentricity and acrobatic dancers, W. and D. Wahl, engaged to appear in the Berlin Scala Theatre during November, make their first appearance in the city in characteristic fashion from a taxi-cab. It is only the restaurants and theatres patronized by foreigners that can survive the depression

NOT IN PARIS: A French gendarme's uniform worn by a German gives atmosphere to the latest Berlin cabaret, the Bal Musette

GERMANY APES FRANCE in the newest night club, the Bal Musette, where the Parisian atmosphere is cleverly reproduced

d

Dynamited: *The gigantic pipe-line of the Los Angeles aqueduct in Grapevine Canon fifty miles north of Mojave was dynamited in two places by vandals Two 6-ft. sections of the 9-ft. pipe were blown out. This is a product of the controversy between ranchers and municipal authorities over water rights*

Castaway: *The rude hut constructed from debris by Messrs. Palliser, Statchwick, and Brawner when their yawl was wrecked on Cocos Island. The trio lived for six months on a diet of cocoanuts and fish—until they were sighted from the yacht of Mr. J. Fleischmann*

Demolition: *The* Exposition Coloniale Internationale, *the most superb exhibition of its kind ever seen, which was held in the* Bois de Vincennes, *just outside Paris, has closed, and the great task of demolishing the various pavilions is now in full swing*

The Students of Halle, *addressed by their president, Herr Hans Boerner, in connection with the demonstrations organized against Professor Dehn, the professor of theology. The demonstrations were arranged by the Nationalist elements to protest against the theologian's pacifism. An undertaking to cease demonstrating was given*

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on The ... at

A RENAISSANCE OF ROMANTICISM.—The world will have its romance—bright, colourful spots against the drab background of this practical, utilitarian, machine age. For a time it was the sheikhs in the Sahara, then cinema stars, a Balkan king and his love-affair, a Balkan queen who refuses to forgive her erring royal husband, the dramatic dethronement of a monarch, or the plotting of another for restoration. Of late the "winged women" of the air, establishing new records, have had their share of public attention. There is a veritable renaissance of romanticism, ready-made suggestions, plots, and material to gladden the hearts of novelists.

Lien Tung, better known as Henry Pu-Yi, the crownless, throneless "Boy Emperor" of China, is credited with aspirations to refound the Manchu Dynasty in Manchuria. His proclamation of himself as "Emperor of Manchuria" is forecast in the press. Only recently he was precipitated into the "scandal news" when his third concubine sued him for divorce. Henry Pu-Yi seems to want to go back and start, as did his ancestors many generations ago, to conquer all China—which they did.

After all, Genghiz Khan, "The Earth Shaker," who invaded Europe almost to Vienna, Kublai Khan, Tamerlane—all originated in Mongolia, and Mongolia might be called the Western part of Manchuria. Who knows what other surprises Manchuria may spring in coming history! The restoration of the Dragon Throne in Mukden would indeed make that city a colourful spot in the Far East.

In the inner circles of the royal legitimists in Vienna and Budapest, there is much whispering of the activities of the "Woman in Black," as ex-Empress Zita is often called, to restore her eldest of seven children, the handsome Archduke Otto, aged eighteen, to the throne of Hungary. The ex-Empress is indefatigable in her efforts. But these have, until now, found an insurmountable barrier in the veto of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania. The highly-confidential negotiations, intrigues, and counter-intrigues in Budapest and other capitals, would indeed make a fascinating volume. To offset the opposition of the Little Entente, Marquis Pallavicini openly advocated in the Hungarian Parliament the other day that Hungary should come to an understanding with France.

Our "Lawrence of Arabia," an almost legendary figure, has been stirring the imagination of people again. A correspondent writes me from Munich that he was seen in that city the other day, presumably to "have a talk with Adolf Hitler." A *few days later* he was said to be in Constantinople, and within another week German papers had him in Afghanistan.

Ignatius Trebitsch-Lincoln, the notorious "international spy," who started life as a Hungarian Israelite in Budapest, became a minister of the Church of England, a member of the British Parliament, a German spy, all in turn, then, later, adviser to Wu Pei-fu, one of the Chinese warlords, after which he allegedly turned Buddhist, is also reported as having been seen in Germany again.

Circles of the White Russians, exiles from their own country, also have been stirred into new activities and hopes by the Sino-Japanese conflict in Manchuria. They still dream of the overthrow of the Soviet *régime* through Russia's becoming involved in an external war. The idea of an uprising in the Ukraine, and an attack from there, while the Red army is largely engaged elsewhere, remains tenaciously in their minds.

THE ENEMY OF MAN.—This is the insect age, not the age of man. We are facing a war to the death with the insect-world for possession of the earth. Lions, tigers, earthquakes, plague, floods, ravages of war, annihilation by poison-gas, toll of catastrophe and accident, are simply flea-bites amongst the menaces to mankind compared with the sinister puissance of the armies of insignificant, sometimes almost invisible, insects threatening to drive humanity off this planet unless something is done about it quickly.

Thus warns Dr. L. O. Howard, former chief entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, reminding us that the insect, as a peril to civilization, is costing the world about £500,000,000 annually.

Dr. Howard believes that the insect-world is far better equipped than man to conquer this planet and to make it its own completely. The only weapon man possesses which gives him a chance to dominate the insect is his mind.

"Taken as a whole the insects are the most successful of all the forms of terrestrial animals," the entomologist declares. "Strong, aggressive, multiplying with almost inconceivable rapidity, and boasting an antiquity greater than that of man by at least 40,000,000 years, it seems as though the insects were quite the most permanent and persistent type that life has evolved.

"They are our rivals here on earth, and probably the last living thing on the globe will be some active insect sitting on a dead lichen which will represent the last of the life of the plants. . . ."

In his book, *The Insect Menace*, Dr. Howard calls man to war on the insect menace, which is the only force actually threatening human existence on this earth.

FRANCO-GERMAN.—East or West? Geographically situated in the very centre of the Continent of Europe, Germany's orientation has, ever since the end of the War, veered restlessly from one point to the other, like a weather-vane in swiftly changing winds. And it has not even yet come to rest.

This question is again becoming more acute behind the political scenes in Germany, as the Franco-German rapprochement efforts slowly, but steadily, near the point of To Be or Not To Be. Something resembling a procedure has been arrived at, it is true, but the hoped-for goal is far away.

In the flying back and forth between Paris and Berlin of the shuttle weaving the beginning of the pattern "understanding" with diplomatic gossamer threads so delicate that they are still almost invisible, two of the youngest and most ambitious ambassadors in Europe are playing an outstanding rôle. They are M. François-Poncet, the new French Ambassador in Berlin, and Herr von Hoesch, German Ambassador in Paris.

M. François-Poncet, until recently Under-Secretary in the French Foreign Office, has

The Harvest Festival of *cultivating the millet dedicated to festival held in the Imperial Palace tions occur annually in Japan—one and the other to the reigning robes. Shinto-ism (which embodies*

WORLD

Large

gone to Berlin with one chief aim, purpose, and mission—a Franco-German rapprochement. His future career will be strongly affected, possibly shaped, by success or failure in that mission. In Paris, Herr von Hoesch is working just as hard towards the same end, but for an understanding between the two countries on conditions more favourable to Germany than M.' François-Poncet and the Quai d'Orsay have in mind.

Neither one of the two ambassadors belongs to the stiff, ponderous old school of diplomats. In their methods both are as flexible as rapiers.

The obstacles in the way of a genuine Franco-German friendship remain stupendous. Since European politics revolve chiefly around Franco-German relations at the present time, and the future of Europe will be shaped largely thereby, it is not uninteresting to outline those obstacles. They are :

The German admission in the Versailles Treaty, extorted from them, so they declare, that Germany was solely guilty and responsible for the War.

The "War Criminal" list of German officers, which includes President Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, Field-Marshal von Mackensen, General von Seeckt, and many other former high officers. Contrary to reports France has not formally dropped this list.

That Germans may not visit Morocco and Tunisia without special French permission.

Unequal rights of armament of France and Germany, the latter being held to the provisions of disarmament in the Versailles Treaty, France declining to carry out the promise of disarmament contained in the same Treaty.

The Polish corridor cutting Germany in two pieces.

French occupation of the German Saar region.

Reparations.

The German Government, and the German advocates of a German-Franco understanding, would seem inclined to pass over the first three mentioned points as being of "no practical importance." The French could easily, and without costing a franc, expunge them from the record, creating an entirely different atmosphere in Germany, but they grasp, more clearly than do the Germans, the underlying bearing which these three points have on two of the last four points.

French efforts to wean Germany entirely away from Russia are unmistakable, though little of it appears on the surface. But, with the Hoover moratorium ending in July, German disappointment in the Laval-Hoover conference in Washington, confronted with the resumption of reparation payments and a German foreign indebtedness in credits and loans aggregating twenty-eight billion in marks (at par about £140,000,000) exclusive of reparations, certain German political thought behind the scenes is veering again to the East, once more to re-study and to reconsider the promise of future, even if not of present possibilities in that direction, and whether it would not be better to continue a policy of waiting.

That current is, however, at present still kept well in the background and has little influence on the Bruening government.

It is always very difficult for a very weak nation and a very powerful one to come to an "understanding" satisfactory to the weaker. The stronger, by virtue of its strength, does not feel called upon to meet the weaker power half-way.

The Russian card that Germany has held up her sleeve all these years has been, still is, too weak to be played against France's hand of all-trumps, but it may yet prove the jokeless Joker.

RE-CREATING A NATION.—Mussolini is turning Italy into a vast athletic field through his Dopolavoro organizations for the adult working population.

Dopolavoro simply means "after work," and it is in these scanty leisure hours that the Duce is trying to re-create the mature Italian man and woman, mentally and physically. They are naturally more difficult to mould than the younger generation, less pliable, and harder to get out of grooves and customs. But Mussolini has set his mind on improving the physique of, and mentally enlightening, the Italian working people, with only their off-time to do it in, so he organized the Dopolavoro as the re-creational channel.

The organization has more than a million and a half members, of whom about one-third are brain workers. Last year, the Dopolavoro held 78,993 physical training and competitive displays, compared with 53,438 the previous year. The 1931 figures are predicted to be proportionately higher.

Since this organization of public sport there has been a great reduction in drunkenness, it is claimed, coupled with a marked change in the appearance and the outlook of the Italian workman.

WINTER SEASONS.—Wintering in Britain is becoming a much-debated topic among many Britons who hitherto have spent the winter on the Riviera, Switzerland, Sicily, or North Africa.

The example set by the Duke of Connaught to winter on the south coast of England promises to be followed by many. British coast and resort hotel-keepers are offered the chance of a lifetime. If they satisfy their new clientele this winter it can mean prosperity, annually repeated, for years to come. But that is not going to be easy except, perhaps, in the luxury hotels. To make the English Riviera a permanent success will mean catering for British visitors who have been accustomed to the varied menus, well-heated rooms, private bathrooms, or at least hot and cold water, telephone in room, excellent lights, and similar installations rated as necessities even in second-class hotels abroad. Many, even the majority of English seaside boarding-houses and smaller hotels, have no such up-to-date equipment. The promised opportunities of this winter should rouse the enterprise to modernize and to raise the standard of comfort to that which the prospective guests have been accustomed on the Continent.

I have just returned from North Africa and found that the decline of the pound is throwing its shadow far down into the Sahara. The forty odd Transatlantique hotels, scattered over the Sahara as far as El Golea and Timimoun, face the record low season in their history. American reservations, which comprise nearly 40 per cent. of winter travel in North Africa and the Sahara, are below even those of last winter—the lowest on record hitherto. In Algiers, one of the leading hotels of the Transatlantique chain has been closed and turned into a block of flats.

There are marked indications, too, that there will be considerably less winter travel to Egypt by British, Americans, and Germans this season. In Sicily, and along both the French and Italian Rivieras, I found that similar prospects prevail.

Japan : *Mr. Nagaji Inouye of Osaka the Emperor Hirohito during the harvest on November 23. Two harvest celebra- dedicated to the Ancestor of the Throne Emperor. Mr. Inouye is seen in Shinto Ancestor worship) is the State religion Japan*

Youthful Champion Life-savers : *The North Bondi (Sydney) School's juvenile surf life-saving team which has defeated all its rivals from the Eastern suburbs. Australia believes in starting young. The prevalence of surf-bathing renders a large body of life-savers essential*

Hotheads Deported : *A dentist, a priest, two ex-members of the Legislative Council, and a merchant of Nicosia aboard H.M.S.* London, *the new cruiser. These five have been deported from Cyprus in pursuance of the policy which has reduced the recent Cypriote rising to order*

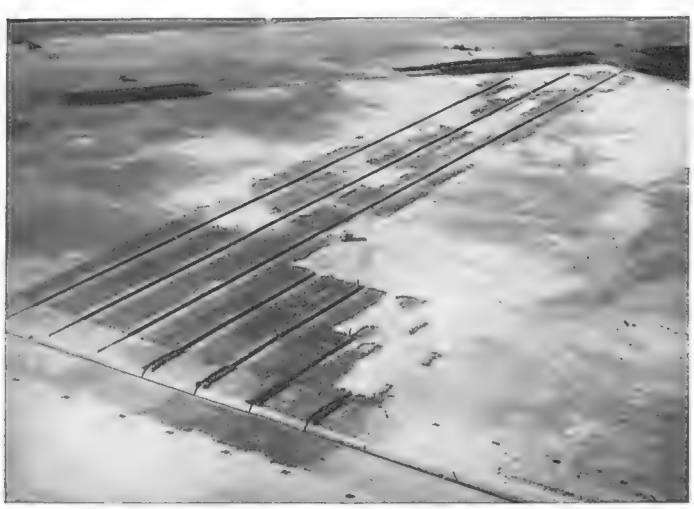
Pacifists Demonstrate in Paris : *Ardent French lovers of peace displayed their banners in the French capital recently. There are a great many organizations which have as their collective aim the establishment of world-peace—a cause best served, however, by keeping silent !*

The Martial Spirit still Lives in Germany—*as is evidenced by this parade in which old soldiers of Luebben, the ancient city in the Spreewald, turned out in silk hats and frock coats and bore arms to welcome the new Reichswehr garrison. The Nazi influence is becoming more and more manifest in Germany to-day*

HOLLAND'S

The Peaceful Annexation from the Thrall of the Sea of a New Province which

A FIRST VILLAGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION: This settlement is placed near Sluice No. 1. The high-roads and canals—for the latter will still be necessary—will run in straight lines so giving the reclaimed land a gridiron aspect



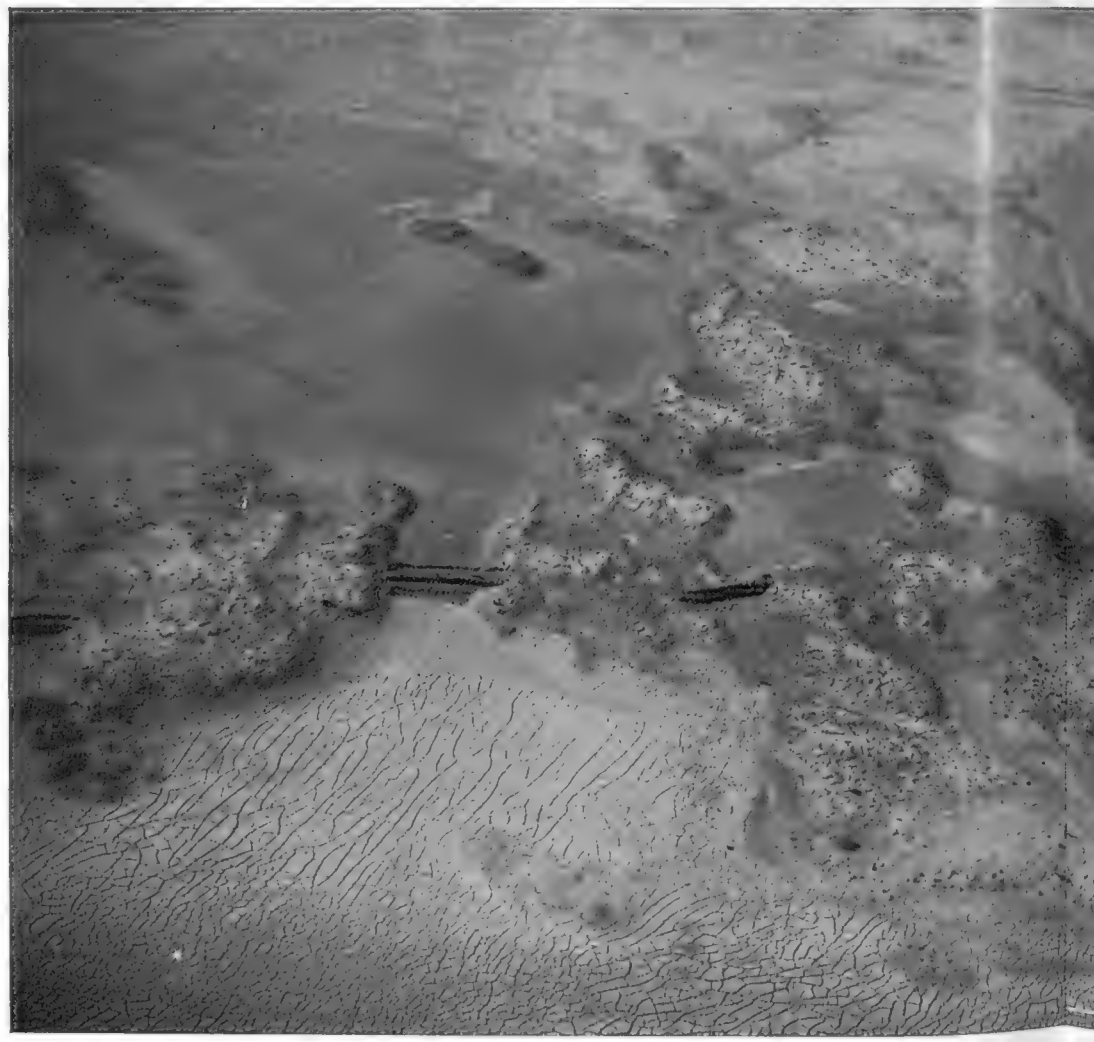
THE CHARACTERISTIC ASPECT OF THE POLDER is given by the gridiron pattern created by the system of dykes 16½ ft. apart intersected periodically by transverse dykes

A TREELESS PROVINCE: Even in the section most advanced in reclamation—in the north—there is no vegetation. Agricultural sheds, however, have now been erected

The progress of the reclamation of the northern portion of the Zuider Zee is here shown in a series of special pictures taken from the air last week. The aviator flew over what had been not many months ago a shining sheet of water. The sea bottom is here revealed to the eye as the flying photographer saw it. The first process of filling in the hollows of this sea bottom with clay was clearly visible. Other views obtained from the aeroplane show the further stages of converting this sea bottom into healthy, profit-making soil. A considerable amount of experimental work has had to be done in this direction. As soon as possible a small experimental polder was formed. This was dyked, drained, and given a sufficient number of roads and paths. The earth contains much salt and it is not expected that a full harvest can be obtained before seven years are out.

This is a part of the land reclamation scheme, which was inaugurated in June, 1918, for the purpose of forming a new Province of the Netherlands by draining 523,000 acres of the Zuider Zee. Work on this began in 1924, and it has been estimated that it will require fifteen years to complete the scheme.

THE LELY PUMPING STATION: This great station is set actually athwart the new dyke enclosing what was former proposed to reclaim four huge tracts of land now covered by the shallow waters of the Zuider Zee—(*a*) polder (*c*) and (*d*) two areas in the south of the Zuider basin divided by a strip of water. The island of Marken, under the country. Area (a) has as yet alone been reclaimed and at the end of this year, when full figures are avai

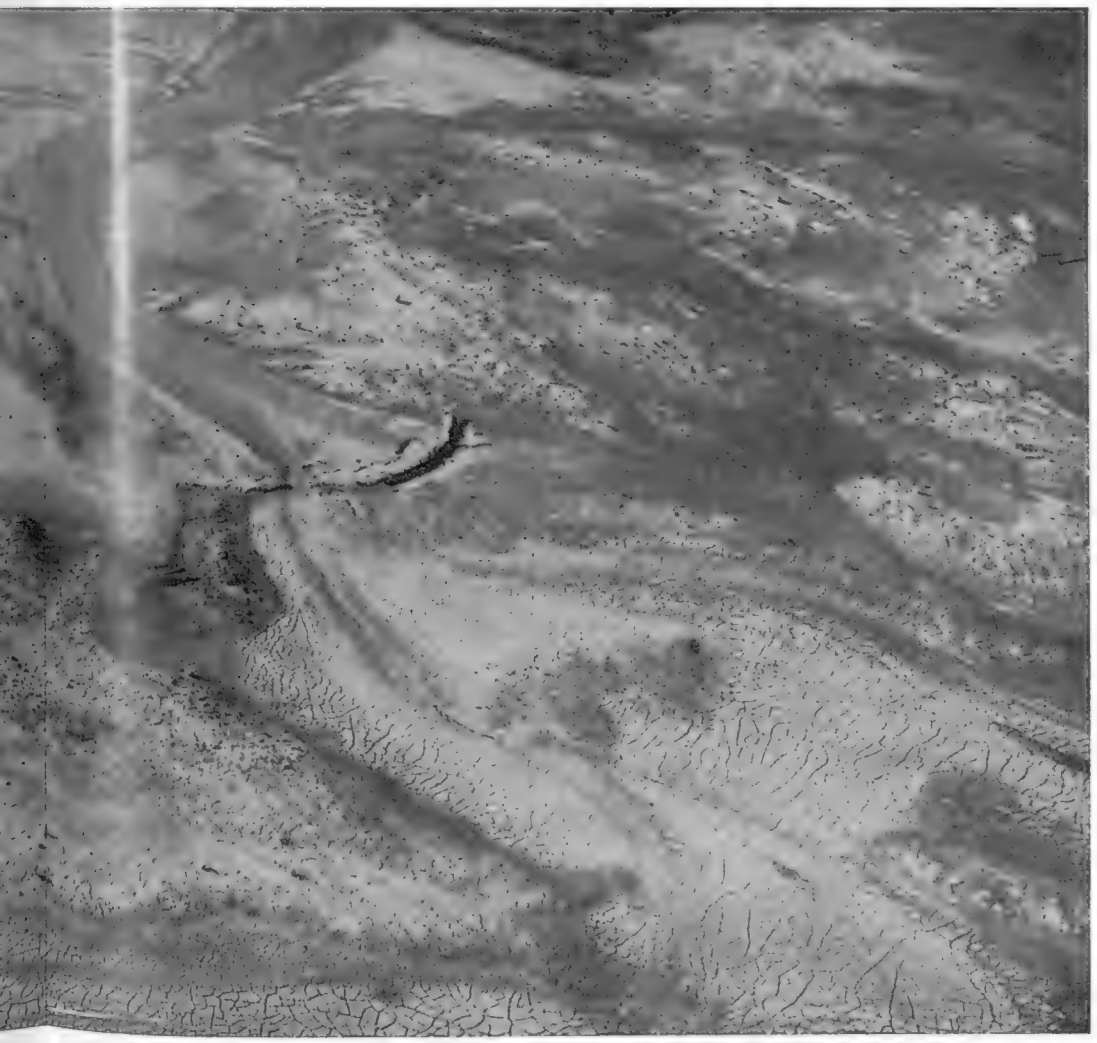


LAND FROM THE SEA SEEN FROM THE AIR: An initial phase of the reclamation of the Wieringen Meer is shown became visible. Old timber piles and stone-work gave evidence of sea defences, the very records of which ha the hollows in the sea bottom with liquid clay to obtain a roughly uniform and level surface for the new land mainly for experimental purposes. As the earth is still inpregnated with salt, good crops are not anticipated f work on the land itse

NEW PROVINCE

will add Half-a-Million Acres to the Domestic Territory of the Netherlands

was formerly the Wieringen Meer. The dyke runs from Medemblik to the one-time island of Wieringen. The scheme (*a*) polder immediately in the neighbourhood of Wieringen and Nord Holland; (*b*) an area abutting on Friesland; and ken, under the original scheme, was to be left as an island, as Marken is one of the greatest tourist attractions in s are available, the decision to proceed with or to abandon or defer the completion of the enterprise will be taken



er is shown in this view. When the water was first pumped out of the area to be reclaimed, remains of old dykes of which had been lost and forgotten. One of the first steps in the work of reclamation has been the filling in of e new land. Pumping stations are still at work even on the reclaimed land. Some of the area has been sown, nticipated for some seven years at least. The building of farms, however, will be started next spring, and already e land itself is in full progress

ANCIENT AND MODERN: The deserted sea front is sharply marked by a dyke on one side of which is the polder (or meadowland) already cultivated for centuries, and on the other side is the newly reclaimed land

THE ADVANCE GUARD OF CIVILIZATION: Materials in barges accumulated for road—and canal—making. They will be transported to their site by a narrow-gauge railway

A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF HOLLAND'S NEW PROVINCE: A bird's-eye view of the S.E. polder with Medemblik in the foreground and Wieringen in the distance, only section as yet reclaimed

With regard to the question of the future use of the reclaimed land, we quote an official Dutch publication in which it is written:

"It is evident that after the dammed water has been removed, and the sea bottom in the embanked area has emerged, much work will have to be done to make the soil suitable for cultivation and habitation. Apart from the construction of roads, this work includes the excavation of feeding drains with a total length of about 750 miles and of ditches with a total length of about 25,000 miles (i.e., equal to the circumference of the earth) if the interval between ditches is to be $16\frac{1}{2}$ ft. (as at present arranged).

As recently as the end of last year it was reported that the first polder of the reclaimed land had been opened, and that seed was being sown. In the middle of June it was announced that the closing of the Zuider Zee by the main dyke from North Holland to Friesland was proceeding, and, unless unexpected difficulties arose, would be finished by the end of this year. This dyke is a work preliminary to the completion of the main scheme, but is outside the immediate area illustrated upon this double page.

BOOKS—

The Greatest Journalist of them all: A Literary Feast from a Great *hôtelier*: Boarding-house Mania and Sanity: Jerusalem and £50

By CECIL ROBERTS

Everyone is saying, "Of course it's very wrong of G. B. S. He shouldn't have done it!" But a remark like this explains exactly why G. B. S. has done it. Seventy years of ferocious originality make indiscretion seem the better part of publicity. So here are the letters written by Shaw to Ellen Terry, and the letters tossed off, one can't call them written, by Ellen to Bernard, *Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw* (Constable. 21s.).

The publication of this enormous flirtation between two irresponsible, delectable persons would be justified if only on the grounds of Shaw's preface, which again reveals him as our greatest living journalist. He points out, in defence of the terms of endearment that pepper these pages, that the stage is not one fairyland but two; one for the public when the curtain rises, and another, which the public never discovers, for the theatre folk when the curtain falls. Moreover, he asserts, an actress is not a lady; when she becomes a lady she ceases to be an actress, for the function of one is to control her feelings and of the other to reveal them. Since so many ladies and gentlemen go on the stage these days, or, reaching the stage, behave like ladies and gentlemen, it explains why there is such a dearth of good actors and actresses. They all behave beautifully, but they don't act.

Ellen Terry did not behave beautifully. A legend of grace and beauty has grown up about her, and has been transposed into a tradition of goodness. The historians of the stage were beginning to set her features in enamel. G. B. S. chips that all off. He is right, I think, to publish these letters, they show a glowing, extravagant spirit, and with it courage, insight, and a tremendous zest for life. It does not surprise us when G. B. S. writes from the *Lusitania*, in 1899, "However, I am at least quit of Athens, with its stupid, classic Acropolis and smashed pillars." He dares not be so unoriginal as to appreciate one of the great sights of the earth. But it is surprising and revealing to read Ellen Terry. "Want you to 'come nearer to me' last night? Why, of course I did! Yet, I'm not sure, for I felt very near you. There you were, and tucked into my bodice was a letter brought down . . . which I could not read until I went to bed at night. Yes, I think I did want just to touch you, to put my hand on your arm. . . . Well, my dear, you have the very strangest, young, quick expression I ever knew on a 2-legged thing, and are you not a very Minx, and a very Duck, too?"

Extravagant, yes, but how sure-sighted. She knew her G. B. S., even in 1897. Well, here are the letters of thirty years between these two famous persons. Is it right that letters of so intimate, extravagant a nature should be exposed to the public eye? They were written *con amore*, and they should be read *con amore*. The impression they have left on me is that Ellen Terry was something much more than a beautiful actress. She was a creature of flame and spirit. And no other book about her has ever conveyed that impression. If G. B. S. suffers, it is to the advantage of Ellen Terry.

A STAR OF TWO WORLDS: Mr. Somerset Maugham, whose acid brilliance has raised him to fame in the spheres of literature and the drama. The dramatization of his novel, *The Painted Veil*, is illustrated on this double page

I believe I am the only person who has ever succeeded in dining at least twenty times at The Spreadeagle, Thame, without seeing or being seen by John Fothergill. And now I live within fifteen miles of that famous rendezvous of *gourmets* and eccentrics I go there less often, to my regret. Here is the story of that inn which is Oxford's second home, *An Innkeeper's Diary* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). If there are moments when it reads like potted *Tatler* and tastes like *potage à la Debrett*, that is not its author's fault. He has that rare thing, personality, which gets into his food, furniture, and prose. There is enough raw humanity in this book to equip a generation of novelists with sagas. Whether he writes on the iniquity of charging three-and-six for breakfast, or how, by a retort, he "shook the Château Chesterton to my eighteenth-century chair rungs," he is equally engaging. The famous, the infamous, and the merely respectable, but not many of these it seems, have thronged the dining-room.

Ordinary people and ordinary meals are clearly out of place at Thame, though I am sure that J. F. is as tactful in transforming his guests as he is in transforming his food into the range of the extraordinary. When you have had your portrait drawn by Epstein and John, in grateful tribute, it is not possible to serve any ordinary soup, and since his talent begins in the kitchen, spreads to the cellars, and comes upstairs to the guests, there is an immense brood of Spreadeaglers spreading his fame. But in the sub-acid comments on some of the visitors, J. F. reveals a nice talent with the vinegar. This book costs a little more than one of Mr. Fothergill's dinners. As ever, he gives us a perfect feast.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

On pp. 376 and 378 of this issue a special section has been written by Mr. Cecil Roberts dealing with the numerous publications in great demand at this season. The newest editions of old favourites, the latest new fairy stories—some of them by noted authors, all presented with the resources of modern reproduction—are carefully considered and valuable advice to uncles, godfathers, and, in fact, all who have a child on their present-list, is authoritatively given

Miss Norah Hoult gave us an excellent novel in *Time, Gentlemen, Time*. She maintains her reputation well with *Apartments to Let* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). The method is a worn one but she evades stock characters in her boarding house. Her writing is of the simplest nature, her dialogue entirely commonplace, and yet what a sure effect she achieves. This book contains one study that is a work of perfection, the portrait of a woman suffering from a persecution mania. She follows her through, from the first nervous storms to the final breakup that lands the victim in the asylum, and she arouses compassion for this self-tormented creature.

The world of Lyons, A.B.C., and "the Troc." is known to Miss Hoult. She tracks her people home to back bedrooms and succeeds in seeing their visions. Miss Crossley who hopes to get a Society paragraph into the paper, young Mr. Willoughby immersed in his work, and his dreams of fame as an architect, Mrs. Peabody, who pieces together the love-letter in his wastepaper basket, they are all creatures of flesh and blood, and to the last page their interests are made our interests by Miss Hoult's pen. I have no hesitation in recommending this book to my readers.

Here are two young men who have succeeded in doing something that we all would like to do. They somehow got from London to Jerusalem and back on £50. They had unpleasant experiences, of course, in crossing "the Flea Line." *In the Track of the Crusaders*, by Evert Barger (Nash and Grayson. 15s.), is the account of how two young men followed the route of the First Crusaders through the Balkans and Asia Minor. Mr. Barger is not a skillled writer—at twenty, one could not expect that—but he is painstaking and honest in his detail. It is true he covers up his disappointment with Jerusalem, one of the bitterest disappointments the world-traveller can encounter, but the riots there gave him a thrill of quite another order. To travel with a rücksack is to meet human nature at close quarters, and the results of these intimate meetings provide Mr. Barger with his best material. Mr. Stephen Graham contributes an irritating preface and contrives, to be preposterous. Why was the fall of Jerusalem into the British mandate "truly a calamity, except for us," and however does he justify his wild assertion that "We are a sort of race of Turks and Saracens?"

I always read Mr. W. B. Trites. He has a hard, impressive style, and a talent for telling a dramatic story. But in *Miramar* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), while I am held by the history of his wealthy prostitute, I begin to tire after the tenth seduction. These things become a bad habit, whether in novels or life. It may be a perfectly true picture of life on the Riviera. A beautiful landscape is often poisoned by a woman like Sarah Brooke, but why dwell on the fact?

The opening chapters, in which a man commits suicide, leaving his little son in a French *pension*, are magnificently done. Then Sarah Brooke adopts the child, *and* Mr. Trites, and we feel it is she who should have committed suicide in the first chapter.

SALAD AN AGENT OF RELEASE: Waddington warns the Fanes that undressed salad is a sure bearer of cholera, raging in the vicinity. So miserable are the husband and wife together that they determine to eat it

"THE DOG IT WAS THAT DIED": Fane, who, miserable himself, has made his wife wretched, perishes from the plague he is striving to check, with a grim and bitter jest on his lips—an example of the author's mordant wit

PRELUDE: Kitty Fane faints in the arms of the Mother Superior, while Waddington and Sister St. Joseph look on. This faint brings the news to the audience that Kitty's *liaison* with Townsend has had its inevitable result

"THE PAIN-

The dramatization by Bartlett Cormack of the novel by W. Somerset Maugham, now presented by Miss Gladys Cooper at the Playhouse is a stirring but grim play of life in China. The note struck is almost a monotone which is yet so perfectly played that it avoids monotony.

THE CAUSE OF THE TRAGEDY: Townsend, having betrayed Kitty, tells her he does not propose to marry her should Walter divorce her. *Below* is the opening moment of the play when the locked door is tried

TED VEIL"

The theme deals with an unsatisfactory husband, an unhappy and unfaithful wife, a caddish lover who lets down the wife, and an alcoholic official, who brings some consolation to the wife (the husband dies of cholera).

—PLAYS

History at the Phœnix: Propaganda at the New: Romantic Revival at Daly's

By PHILIP PAGE

Catherine the Great was, like "Elizabeth of England," made in Germany, and was very Teutonic in her thoroughness, whether with her lovers, with her intrigues, or with the mere job of getting a weak husband arrested and taking his throne for herself. Teutonic thoroughness has also pervaded *Little Catherine*, albeit the play comes from France, at the Phœnix Theatre. Frank and Virginia Vernon have translated it thoroughly well, there is some thoroughly good scenery and incidental music, and, amid much that is excellent, some thoroughly bad acting.

The play itself is rather a puzzle. I fancy it may prove too much of a puzzle, for the fact that it had a long run in Paris is no criterion, as those who remember *Topaze* and *Maivus* must realize. English audiences like, to put it frankly, to know what they are in for. Unless, of course, a revue is before them, in which case they will swallow, in between the lighter portions, scenes, and spectacles of sordid dullness or spectacular ineptitude, and fancy they are enjoying themselves. But with a play they like a label and the writing on that label to be writ large and in capital letters. If the new attraction at the Phœnix had been called "Hullo, Catherine," I would have had fewer qualms. The parts of the two clowns who leaped and crowed in disconcerting fashion before the Empress Elizabeth would have been "written up" a bit, and played by MM. Nervo and Knox.

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

Kitty Fane	Gladys Cooper
Charles Townsend	Arthur Margetson
Mrs. Garstin	Jessie Bateman
Walter Fane	Lewis Casson
Amah	Sui Lee
Boy	C. Chong
Waddington	Martin Walker
Mother Superior	Stella Arbenina
Sister St. Joseph	Violet Campbell
A Nun	Sara Sample
Colonel Yu	Norman Shelley
Mrs. Townsend	Dorothy Pidcock

It is difficult to know whether to take *Little Catherine* as farce, burlesque, historical drama, or a bit of all three, and the casting does not help us out. Mr. Harold Huth did not seem at all happy as the Grand Duke Peter, either in his clothes or in his occasional assumption of the grand manner. Peter was an unsatisfactory and ineffective sort of person and the part is not an easy one. But Mr. Huth must be given credit for having shown what a good actor he can be by the way he played the scene in which, as the Tsar, he finds himself deserted by his own guard and put under arrest by that Queen Bee of a wife of his.

On Miss Madeline Carroll, in the title-rôle, rested an enormous responsibility, and it proved a burden she was unable to carry. Extremely pretty, Miss Carroll played the *ingénue* in the earlier scenes most gracefully. Later she let the character slip out of her hands and go for nothing. From one of those explanatory notes in the programme (which make attending first-nights such fun) I learned that Miss Carroll had the advantage of a university education. Unfortunately in the curriculum of Birmingham University are not included "timing" and the avoidance of over-emphasis. An effective situation and a good line can go for nothing if it is not "timed" properly; nor do you gain in dramatic force by shouting out at least one word in every sentence—and usually the wrong one. Miss Carroll is not without promise (film technique, by the way, is something wholly different), so I trust that Miss Marie Tempest, who knows more about these matters than she could put into a three-volume text-book, will take her aside and give her a little advice, or even lots of it.

Miss Tempest herself, as the Empress Elizabeth was superb. She shot forth barbed witticisms as vigorously and as brilliantly as she did in the old days of *The Marriage of Kitty* and *The Freedom of Suzanne*. In her death scene she was immensely dignified and pathetic, though this sort of thing to one of Miss Tempest's amazing ability is child's play. Mr. Thomas Weguelin emphasized the coarse brutality of the sentry and was amusing; if he did not suggest how this lout could ever have become the wily Prince Potemkin the fault was not his but that of M. Alfred Savoir. Mr. Graham Browne was easy and graceful, and Miss Barbara Gott won plenty of laughs in the part of Catherine's mother. That Princess of Anhalt was, it is true, a vulgar woman, but not, I think, with the vulgarity of mean streets and the London charlady. But in this strange *potpourri* from France, Russia, and Germany, mixed in English fashion, few things are surprising.

The general attitude toward *The Red Light*, the propaganda anti-Bolshevist play at the New Theatre, seems to be precisely that which the authors Messrs. H. F. Maltby and John Trevor, make their silliest characters adopt. They say, in effect, "This picture of Communism in being is all very sordid and horrible, but it could not happen even in Russia, and certainly could never happen to *us*." But things such as this play perhaps *have* happened in Russia, and far worse things, too. Into the thorny question of whether there is the vaguest possibility of their ever happening in England it is not in my province to enter, though the paucity of votes polled for Communism in the recent election has enabled me not to stay awake o' nights worrying about it. But I do maintain that the supposition in *The Red Light* is a legitimate supposition, and granting this, the picture is not overdrawn.

Mabel Robey

MISS DOROTHY GILL: The new contralto who takes the parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas played by the late Bertha Lewis. She gained fame as Lucy Lockett in *The Beggar's Opera*

Indeed, the bullying, the heavy sarcasm, and the merciless now-we're-up-and-you're-down flavour about the Soviet officials in this dream of an England of the future, is singularly lifelike and familiar. To argue that it is grotesque to deport a man who had been a member of the Jockey Club begging for a crust in the Burlington Arcade is to argue rather foolishly when precisely similar situations have abounded for years in the land on which Mr. Bernard Shaw and Lady Astor recently looked with such glowing enthusiasm (and for so short a time). If—and it is an "if" as high as the Nelson Column—England ever goes Red, we shall inevitably see, as is shown in this play, unspeakable sordidness, a loss of all moral decency, and a sort of nightmare equality which would make what Mr. Winston Churchill called Mr. George Lansbury's dream of "a vast, communal soup-kitchen surrounded by bathing pools" the very Elysian Fields in comparison.

Not that *The Red Light* is a good play. It is, in fact, a large, sprawling, untidy, and rather bad play. But it is not an unreasonable play, nor is the speculation on which it is based unreasonable. However, I am becoming serious.

Dramatically, the chief fault is that it has no unity and little sense of the theatre. We see a baronet's Communist chauffeur; the character is interesting, so we lose him for about an hour and a half. A lustful Soviet official tells the wife of an ex-aristocrat that her husband will be penalized unless she gives herself to him. Yet instead of working this up in the good old Scarpia-cum-Tosca fashion, it is suddenly dropped. There are isolated scenes which are interesting, though not nearly enough of them. If a great chance has been missed, this play is, nevertheless, not foolishness by any means, and could run hand in hand with *Cavalcade* (though not, I fear, so long) as a a plea for sanity, loyalty, and national commonsense. Though, gracious Heaven, how I do detest plays to be "pleas" for anything!

Mr. Basil Gill makes his fine voice boom out with good effect as a melancholy-sensible baronet who "sees it coming." Miss Olive Sloane as a blonde lady of the pavement, Miss Muriel George as a drunken hag, Mr. Henry Oscar, and Mr. Henry Hewitt all do good work. Some of the jokes are unnecessarily coarse.

Monsieur Beaucaire, musically an exquisite thing, has been "revived" at Daly's. The vital requisite for this Messager masterpiece is style, and style is what this revival lacks. I found it difficult to picture the elegance of Bath in 1735, and poor old Beau Nash must be quite bruised and sore by this time with turning in his grave over the accents and deportment of some of those men-about-town. The quantity was good, but the quality sadly lacking. Poor Messager, too, has probably been doing a bit of turning; his music was not played at all well.

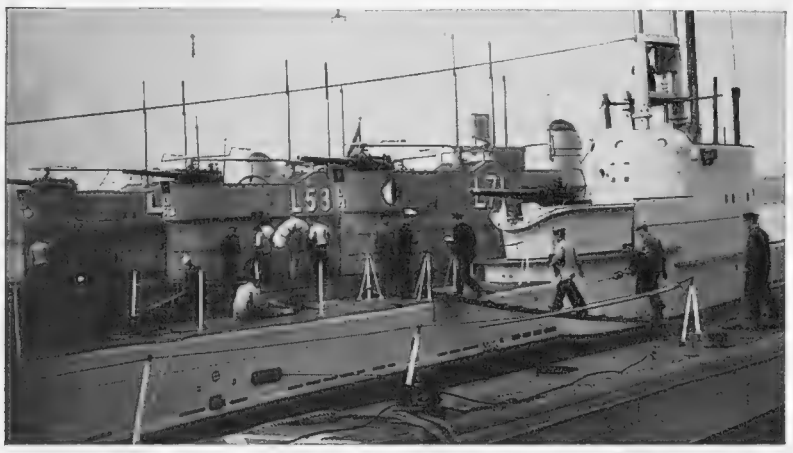
Good points are the admirable singing and acting of Mr. Raymond Newell in the title-rôle, and the excellence of the chorus.

The evening on which I saw *The Master Builder* at the Duchess Theatre was a somewhat unfortunate one, and criticism of the play, as such, is scarcely fair. Important members of the cast, including Mr. Franklin Dyall, were absent through illness, and this example of Ibsen became a more depressing business than ever.

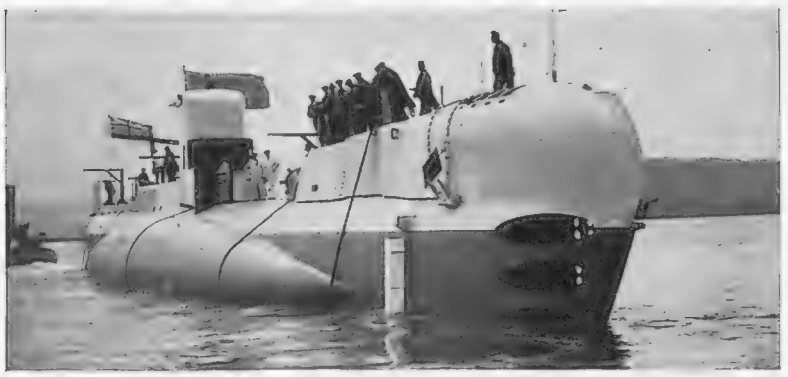
Long have I had it drummed into me that *The Master Builder* is a masterpiece, but I cannot for the life of me see how or why. However, much sympathy was due to a cast working hard in most difficult circumstances.

SUBMARINES at REST and in ACTION

THE U-BOATS OF BRITAIN: An impressive impression of the might of Britannia *beneath* the waves, seen in Portsmouth before manœuvres



SUBMARINE MIGHT: A scene in Portsmouth before the under-sea fleet left last week for four days' exercise in the Channel and the Atlantic



BRITAIN'S LATEST UNDER-SEA VESSEL: H.M. Submarine *Swordfish* launched privately at Chatham Dockyard by Lady Tyrwhitt

H.M. SUBMARINE *SWORDFISH* is fitted with a plenitude of escape devices and is especially designed for work in shallow waters

Britain's newest submarine, *Swordfish*, which, at Chatham Dockyard, was launched by Lady Tyrwhitt, the wife of the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, at a ceremony from which the public was excluded, is equipped with special escape hatches built into the hull. The vessel is also equipped with the Davies apparatus, which proved so efficient in the *Poseidon* tragedy in the China Seas recently — that disaster in which C.P.O. Willis, now invalided out, distinguished himself so magnificently. Another device is an indicator buoy which, when released, shows the position of the submarine. H.M. submarine *Swordfish* is smaller than any British under-water craft, save for the *H* class, now in service. She has a displacement of a mere 640 tons, and has been especially designed for work in shallow waters. The submarine fleet went out from Portsmouth into the Channel and the Atlantic a few days ago for four days' manœuvres.

FRONT VIEW: There is special armour-plating for the radiator and there are rifle-slits beneath the driver's seat

BACK VIEW: The solidity of construction of this British-made vehicle is admirably shown

A BRITISH FIRM supplies CARS to the ARGENTINE

The four illustrations on the right show a triumph of British salesmanship, and a tribute to the British motor-car industry. The famous firm of Rootes, which has a branch in the Argentine, has recently supplied to Transportes Argentinos a G.2 50-cwt. chassis, mounted with an armoured body, built locally by Adolfo Bash and Co. The body, which is unique, is equipped with the latest hold-up and thief-protection devices, including bullet-proof armour and glass, quick-action shutters for driver's window and windscreens, armour-protected radiator and rifle-ports. The vehicle, which is used for carrying the pay rôles of large industrial organizations, is a British motor-car, and as great reliability, strength, and power are required for this service, the selection of British workmanship shows how highly our constructions are esteemed.

SIDE VIEW: The large anti-thief 50-cwt. lorry outside the leading service station in Argentina

INTERIOR VIEW: It would take an extremely efficient thief to get anything out of this vehicle!

A NEW BRIDGE: The structure flung over the river Turano, near Rieti, Northern Italy, for the benefit of motorists

ITALY IMPROVES on the ROADS of ROME

One of the greatest drawbacks of Italy was, until quite recently, the lack of good roads.

This problem was only effectively tackled in 1928, when an autonomous concern called the "Azienda Autonoma della Strada," under the direct supervision of the Ministry of Public Works, was put into force.

The roads, which will be completely reconstructed during the first six years of the concern's activities, will cover a length of about 4,000 miles.

Within the first two years of the concern's activity, about 2,500 miles of roads have been re-surfaced and about 200,000 trees have been planted by the road-sides.

Later, a new company was founded called the "Autostrade Company," and the Italian Government granted it a special concession for the construction of motor roads.

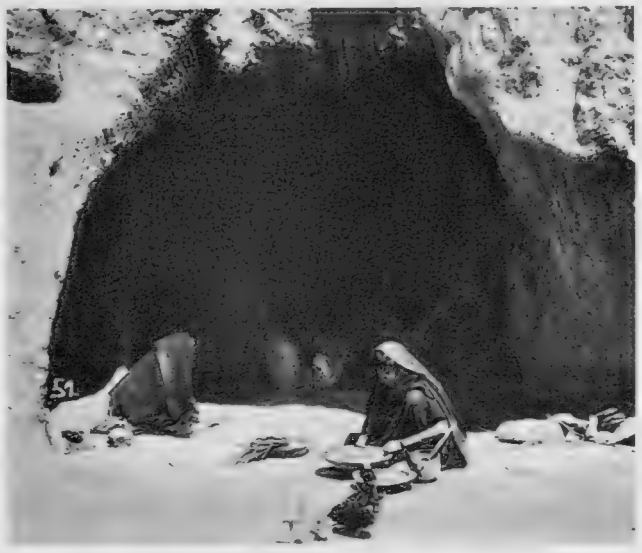
At the end of fifty years the Government will take over the roads without any reimbursement or compensation to the company.

ANTI-TORRENT: The brick dams on the Caporetto-Raibl Alpine road which restrict the turbulence of the mountain streams

A MOTORIST'S PARADISE: The new hard surface road from Ponte Alpi to Belluno—one of the finest *autostrade*

FROM NAPLES TO POMPEII: The riband of the new road along which motors may make up lost time

THE FRONT DOOR to a Matmata dwelling, where sandstorms have compelled the creation of a troglodyte settlement



WOMEN AT WORK at the entrance to the underground settlement of Matmata, the South Tunisian underground city

MATMATA—a TROGLODYTE CITY in TUNIS

The town of Matmata, in the famous High Valley in South Tunis, presents a unique spectacle in the form of a troglodyte settlement. On arrival, the stranger might be excused for believing he saw merely a mine of precious stones instead of a human colony. The purpose of this subterranean scheme of building is to be found in the fact that sandstorms strike the High Valley with peculiar force and, were it not for such an unusual architectural system, the settlement would be periodically razed to the ground. The dwellings, the stables, the school, even the post office are set underground. The sole building overhead is the mosque. The settlement is grouped round a shaft which illuminates the whole town as a western inn is constructed round a court. In this settlement ancient customs are maintained in all the strictness characteristic of Islam, and the primitive quality of the living conditions fulfil in pedantic exactitude the implications of the phrase, "The Changeless East."

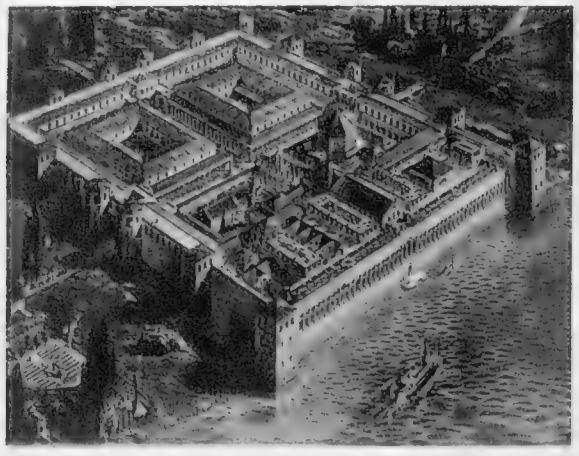
EXIT: Even the stables and byres are underground at Matmata. A camel is seen above emerging from its underground home

COMMISSARIAT: Food is hauled up to the upper windows of the troglodyte homes of Matmata

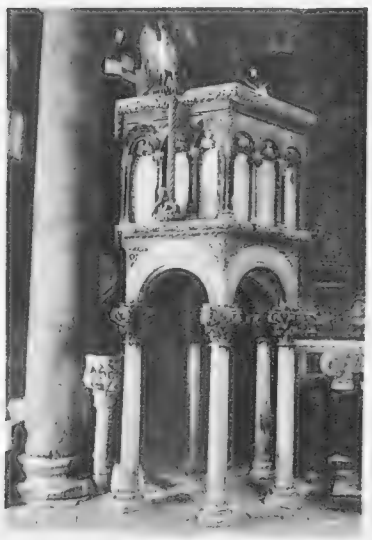
The entrance to the town of Spalato (Split) is known as the Porta Aurea—a gorgeous ruin of Roman days. The town is famous for the palace of the great Emperor Diocletian

The more dramatically effective portion of the surviving palace is the great atrium, the colonnaded sides of which exist in almost complete form as shown here

Split is set in the Marjan Mountains, and from these surrounding heights a glorious view of the town is obtained. The palace of Diocletian is the greatest monument in the town



A reconstruction of the gigantic pleasure palace of Diocletian as it was in its heyday. A towering wall with a colonnaded course still fronts the picturesque harbour



A Christian pulpit stands on the site selected by the great persecuting pagan Emperor for his mausoleum

Pagan and Christian relics jostle each other in Split, and none more dramatically than the palace of the Emperor and the Cathedral

The Cathedral is a striking feature in the town to-day; it was erected about the year 650

THE PALACE of DIOCLETIAN

One of the most fascinating of the remarkably beautiful towns which dot the eastern shores of the Adriatic is Spalato (Split). The centre of this historic town is virtually formed of one building, the remains of the vast palace of Diocletian, the famous Roman Emperor who, after announcing his intention of retiring to his native country to plant cabbages, built this huge house for the delectation of his declining years. It was on May 1, A.D. 305, that Diocletian abdicated; his reign had been marked during its latter years by a cruel persecution of the Christians. He had previously sub-divided the Roman Empire into several portions, his own capital being Nicomedia. A reconstruction of the palace at Salona, as Spalato was known in classical Roman times, is given above. The greater portion of the great wall, which is seen flanking the sea, still dominates the harbour of Spalato. To its base cling a number of barnacle-like buildings erected at various times during later centuries. These little buildings house small shops and offices; towering above them the colonnading which broke the surfaee of the great wall is still largely preserved. Threading a series of narrow passages which provide welcome shadow during the summer months, the traveller will eventually find himself in the remains of the great central atrium. Part of the open colonnade which surrounds it is seen in one of the uppermost of the pictures given above. The rectangular form of the great palace building still exists, while, in between the Roman arcading and other structures, mediæval dwelling-houses and shops have thrust themselves in fantastic fashion, the whole being completely delightful to the eye of the traveller in search of the architecturally picturesque. Some 300 years after the erection of the great palace building, Spalato saw the construction of a Christian cathedral. It is dedicated to the Virgin.

WINTER SPORT in SCOTLAND

The Alpine Delights of North Britain Described by a Member of the Ski Club of Great Britain and the Swiss Alpine Club

The financial crisis has rightly brought the home ski-ing grounds into great prominence; and at the moment we are just coming to the end of a public controversy (in the press) as to ski-ing in the Highlands. Well-known ski-ers have taken part in the correspondence. On the one hand Scottish grounds and conditions have been almost wholly condemned. Others have rather unduly extolled the conditions of Scotland to the disadvantage of those in Switzerland.

THE SPH

The truth lies between these. There is without any doubt good and delightful ski-ing to be got in Scotland, but in conditions that normally differ widely from those of Switzerland. The Scottish Ski Club, founded in 1907, languished during the War, but was strongly revived in 1929 and has now some 150 members. This is not at all generally known among English ski-ers. The club was founded and is based on the fact that quite good ski-ing is obtainable on the Grampians, Cairngorms, and other ranges of the Highlands.

In December, owing to the northern latitude (10 deg. N. of Switzerland), the weakly sun rises very late and sets between three and four. Yet there are records of ski-ers "basking in the sun on December 31"! Normally there is, from early December, ski-able snow on the high N.E. slopes, and extending from these for hundreds of feet down ski-able gullies.

But there is likelihood of insufficient snow on the lower slopes, and the chances of abundant ski-ing areas in this month are rather uncertain. This brings up the mitigating facts that, at Christmas, one can usually play golf, or go for invigorating mountain rambles or climbs and, important, there is often ice at Christmas for skating and curling, should mist or lack of snow forbid one ski-ing. In January there is more sun and one may reasonably expect a sufficiency of snow. Warm sunshine, good snow, and good ski-ing in the Highlands during the first week of January are recorded for many years, including last year and this year. February, March, and the beginning of April are, it is agreed, the best periods in general for ski-ing in Scotland, March being best of all.

In further comparison with Switzerland there is very much more fog and mist, stronger wind, and much more unsettled weather. Much of the precipitation is in the form of rain, especially at hotel levels. But in winter one cannot play golf, or fish, or march the hills on foot in Switzerland.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

SNOW IN THE HIGHLANDS: When the tracks are as blocked with snow as they appear in the picture, and the lines run through the valleys, it is easy to conjecture how fine the winter sport is on the Scottish mountains

ERE OF TRAVEL

It is advisable to be provided with clothes that are warm, windproof, and also rainproof. And because of the prevalence of mist, one should always carry map and compass although, as the heights and descents average only one-third or one-quarter of those in Switzerland, there is little if any real danger. In mitigation one can very frequently ascend above the mists into sunshine. In fact, height (though only on a 25 per cent. scale) is even more important than in Switzerland. As a rule you must ascend from the hotel to get on to your snow. And often, as stated, you will ascend right out of mist and even rain into fine, clear weather.

In a valuable impartial circular issued by the Scottish Ski Club it is remarked that "The weather in Scotland cannot, of course, compare with Switzerland and, although as a rule there are quite a number of clear and sunny days during the season, it is advisable to be prepared." And again: "Put briefly, ski-ing in Scotland is a gamble on the weather."

Vast unbroken snow and long 2,000 to 6,000-ft. runs as in Central Europe are not to be expected. The best is composed of, say, from 500 to 2,000-ft. of interesting and varied climbs and run downs, more or less separated by bare ground. The snow-filled corries or shallow and sufficiently gentle couloirs—between bare rock or unskiable terrain—provide perhaps 40 per cent. of the ski-ing. Racing hell-for-leather down long courses as in the Alps is not practicable, because the snow-cover is too thin, or non-continuous, or changeable in condition, or portions of long lengths of slope may be strewn with unburied rock fragments and boulders. *But short straight races and slaloms are perfectly feasible on well-set and well-flagged courses.*

Powder snow is a rarity, but pleasant, light, or trashy spring-like snow is enjoyed. Commonly, the running is in new, soft snow on top of old hard. The depth of snow is normally much less than in the Alps, consequently in the Highlands the avalanche danger is almost unknown. Nursery slopes are not as a rule found down at hotel level. Access usually requires daily use of cars and buses, and there remains a good deal of healthy "carrying ski on foot." The hotels are arranging to meet the transport need either cheaply or gratis. Needless to say, if you have a car bring it with you.

Before leaving for Scotland ski-ers should make inquiry to the Secretary of the Scottish Ski Club, or other reliable source (see below), as to the conditions of the ski-fields.

The club will continue to perform the valuable service of issuing in Scotland and London telegraphic reports of snow conditions three times a week during the season. The railways are now arranging to assist and augment this reporting. Any kind of ski will do quite well, but short skis, if you have them, are better for the Highlands, as being easier to carry and more nippy in descending the corries and narrower snows.

Clothes should be the same as for Switzerland plus the ordinary waterproof overcoat or Burberry, and light oilskin or reliable waterproof or mackintosh hats, capes, jackets, or tunics, with breeches or trousers of the same materials. Also, important, one's kit should include all for skating, curling, golf, walking—and in some cases for tennis or fishing—according to your needs and catholicity in sport.

Plenty of warm clothes, warm underwear, rugs, and even a hot-water bottle are likely to be found useful and necessary—especially in the little hotels.

Valuable information is issued and freely given by the Hon. Secretary of the Scottish Ski Club, Mr. William B. Spiers, 48, Victoria Crescent Road, Glasgow, N.B.; the Sports Information Bureau, proprietor, Major S. J. Watts, at Lillywhite's, Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, S.W.2; the Scottish Travel Bureau, 5, Carlton Street, S.W.1. Gerrard 9418.

It is impossible here to give more than a general notion, but details can be obtained by visiting or writing to the above authorities, who are very willing to assist the skier to the full.

The best fields all lie in the Highlands of Central Scotland, i.e.:

(a) In the Grampian massive,
(b) In the N.W. outliers of the Grampians,
(c) In the West outliers, and
(d) South side of Grampians and the Ben Lawers area.

For (a) the principal centres are Ballater and Braemar, in the Dee Valley, accessible via Aberdeen by L.N.E. Railway and the railway omnibuses. (Mts: Central Grampians and Macdhui.)

For (b) the centres are Aviemore and Kingussie in the Spey Valley, L.M. and S. Railway stations, via Perth. (Mts: Cairngorms and Monaliath.)

For (c) Loch Ericht Hotel, Dalwhinnie Station, L.M.S. (Mts: West Grampians.)

For (d) Blair Atholl (twenty-four miles from Loch Ericht) and Pitlochry, in the Tay Valley, via Perth and L.M.S. (Mts: S. Grampians); and Killin, for the Ben Lawers region. L.M.S. Station. (S.W. Highlands and Ben Lawers area.)

For full details of the ski fields and runs, the reliable authority is the Scottish Ski Club. The current Year Book of the S.C.G.B. has two interesting accounts, with photos, of Scottish ski-ing last season. The latest journals of the Scottish Ski Club contain valuable guidance to the best runs.

Railway excursion tickets from London to give about fourteen clear days in Scotland have now been arranged at £6 15s. to £7 10s. first-class, and £4 1s. to £4 10s. third. Ordinary so-called tourist tickets go £3 to £2 more. Sleepers cost 20s. first, and only 7s. third. Allow for motor-coaches or cars, say 5s. Allow for meals on train for the double journey, say fully 20s.

BLACK AND WHITE: The Black Coolin in their winter garb. These peaks are more rugged than those of the central highlands—an area far too long neglected by the Sassenach in search of winter sport. We have gone abroad for Alpine delights without realizing that they lie infinitely nearer at hand

This is not abundant, and booking well ahead will save disappointment. There is a new move on at the moment by the railways, to enable skiers to reside even at Perth, Aberdeen, or other places by providing daily fast and cheap transport to the snow.

(Continued on p. 372)

PORTS OF THE CHINA SEAS

The Fourth of a Series of Short Articles Describing Life on Board and Ports of Call Encountered on an Ocean Cruise

We anchored at Woosung, where the Yangtse and the Wangpoo unite, which is some thirty miles from Shanghai. We took a tender in the morning and landed at the Bund, protected by the guns of battleships of three nations.

Imposing buildings overlook the river. They house shipping-agents, banks, and traders of every nationality.

Away from the European quarter there was little business being done, since it was February and the Chinese New Year celebrations were in progress. Every available ricksha had been commandeered by the natives, whole families riding in procession and racing each other around the houses at breakneck speed.

The entire population of China seemed to have congregated in Bubblewell Road (the scene of the first great riot), and a more unsavoury, motley crowd one would not wish to see. The poverty of the Chinese masses is incredible.

Beggars throng the pavements and chant at you as you pass, displaying diseased and withered limbs. Not even in Peking do you see so many revolting sights, nor smell so many smells as in one short stroll from the waterfront to the racecourse of Shanghai.

At this point we were lucky enough to find an empty taxi and were soon whirled away from the misery and squalor to the opposite extreme at the Majestic Hotel, where we took tiffin in luxury.

I spent the afternoon at the house of a leading missionary to whom I carried an introduction from a relative. He was a wonderful old gentleman of seventy-one who had spent forty-five years of his life in China. He told me more about Shanghai than I could have learned from a week's sightseeing.

He told me he had been in Shanghai during the whole of the revolt, and that neither he nor any of his missionary friends had been molested, although he had witnessed many riots in the streets and had heard gunfire right outside his front door.

At one time, he said, he and his wife had to go out and buy their own provisions, since their servants were afraid of venturing abroad for fear of being assaulted for being in the employ of Europeans.

In his opinion, the British "Tommy" had saved Shanghai during the crisis. The battleships in the harbour were formidable enough, but it was the personal contact with the British soldier, his smartness, amiability, and square dealing, that made the Chinese respect him and pass the word round that Britain, at anyrate, had no particular antipathy against the followers of Confucius.

I left Shanghai with a greater sense of dissatisfaction than I have felt about any other foreign city. I had seen practically nothing but squalor—the river, the rail-less trams, and the inside of a missionary's home, but I had heard enough about the private life of J. Chinaman to make me want to become a little better acquainted with him.

CHINA'S FINEST SKY-SCRAPER: The Cathay Hotel, Shanghai, one of the superb caravanserais of the Orient

Rows upon rows of twinkling lights, thickly grouped on the waterfront, scattering high into the sky and shimmering in the liquid of the harbour, make Hong Kong the jewel-box of the Orient.

It was dawn on a mild February morning. As we dropped anchor, the figures of ghostly ships began to outline themselves dimly in the grey twilight, and lo! within a short time the tiers of sparklers had vanished. In their stead—a town, sprinkled over the mountain side like coconut crumbs on a cake.

Before the anchor touched bottom the Philistines were upon us. Sampans from near and far shot from lurking places in the harbour, and sped out towards us across the emerald waters until they encompassed us like flies round a dead horse.

A considerable portion of Hong Kong's population lives afloat. Each sampan is a floating household in which whole families dwell for years, sleeping huddled together under a ragged shelter amidships, eating on their haunches, cooking over primitive stoves, and rarely venturing ashore. They follow many vocations, from scavenging to fishing, begging, hawking, and stealing.

Hong Kong, or that central section which is called Victoria, is typically British. Native life abounds in many parts, but the whole place is clean and gives the impression that it is an English town where Chinese are allowed to live, and not like Shanghai, an Oriental city with European residents.

The fact that it is an island makes it compact, and the tourist finds this to his advantage. The tender lands passengers right in the middle of everything. The hotels, shops, pavements, and double-deck tramcars remind one of home. Sunburnt colonials in flannels and public school blazers stroll with tennis rackets under their arms, soldiers and blue-jackets swagger down the middle of the street as if they were in Birdcage Walk or Commercial Road, Portsmouth. It was disappointing to see, instead of an English "bobby," a wild-looking Sikh in a turban controlling the traffic at the cross roads.

The people of high degree, from H.E. the Governor downwards, live on the Peak and go home by means of the funicular railway. They must be blessed with iron nerves, for the journey to the top would scare a neurotic into a fit. To climb the track on hands and knees would be difficult. All the rolling stock on this railway has a seat reserved for the Governor, and a separate compartment at the rear for natives.

In Hong Kong we discovered a new mode of conveyance—the sedan chair.

BAMBOLE

This age of specialization is having its effect upon the most diverse of objects. Standards are being raised by hundreds per cent. and even the most frivolous and inconsequent of objects benefit thereby. Consider, for example, the question of dolls. These *fantasies*, once the unconsidered trifles of the nursery, have a tradition linking them with the puppets of Italian tradition but, save for a few masterpieces by such *virtuosi* as Biscuit, were mass produced until a few years ago. Now an International Doll Exhibition is being held at Lucca. Those below are by Fraulein Käthe Kruse the leading German doll-maker

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL": Three prize-winning *bambole* at the International Doll Show

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN FLOWERS: Two enchanting compositions created by Germany's most famous maker of dolls

"PUT ME AMONGST THE GIRLS" is the motto of this roguish *bambola* with his two bright young things

"ALL THE NICE GIRLS LOVE A—COCKTAIL" as well as a sailor, it would seem from this *bambola* group

HERLOCK SHOLMES

"A CRIME HAS BEEN COMMITTED": Herlock Sholmes's brilliant perception deduces an Oriental background

INSPIRATION: Pipe and fiddle and the inevitable Watson enable Sholmes to think out the solution

VILLAINS OF THE PIECE: The Chink and his henchwoman plot to evade the detection of Sholmes

"ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON": Sholmes brings his investigation to a triumphant conclusion to his colleague's inevitable amazement

The greatest detective of all fiction has made his appearance in the marionette world under the "Spoonerismed" name of Herlock Sholmes. The puppet show is of extreme ingenuity, the expressions of the fatuous, if worthy, Watson, and the immortal detective of "Candlestick-maker" Street, being absolutely true to — illustration!

MANNEQUINS

Paris is famous as the home of mannequins and also the home of novelties in the world of fashion. The city has now produced a remarkable hybrid—the inanimate mannequin with definite character—in opposition to the stilted and stereotyped lay figure of the usual *couturier* and jeweller. The six waxen ladies in this column show the diversity of type that has been created. Here are haughty brunettes, coy blondes, luscious characters from the Orient, modern types in Eton crop or side-whisker or, by way of contrast, inviting glances and demure charms. They add directly to the attractiveness of the windows of the great shopping centres and indirectly to their sales!

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"—and no wonder, if this demure creature with her Grecian profile be typical

A COY BRUNETTE who has many admirers

"LA GARCONNE" strikes a note of modernity

"COME HITHER" seems this mannequin's message

"NOLI ME TANGERE" is this "girl's" motto!

THE ALLURE OF THE ORIENT is implicit in the slanting eyes, pursed lips, and "whiskers" of this dusky charmer

THIS ENGLAND

A Pictorial Survey of Many Unusual Happenings on the Home Front

RURITANIA, BUCKS, ENGLAND! Film artistes make their way in full costume and make-up from studio to canteen for lunch. They are engaged in the production of "The Beggar Student" at Beaconsfield. In her autobiography, Miss Gladys Cooper comments on the difficulties of filming outside a studio owing to the curiosity aroused, but nowadays, when British production is in full swing, it is a commonplace and attracts little attention. Appearing in make-up in broad daylight, however, still affronts sensitive artistes

PRACTICE: The famous clown "Frivolous Recco" rehearsing in full make-up at Stanmore Stud Farm, Cuffley, Herts, where a colony of circus caravans has been established. The wire-walking clown is practising for the Christmas season

SAFETY: Superstition holds that a barge without a castle and a bridge is bound to leak!

NEW CARAVANS FOR "WATER GIPSIES": Two vessels constructed for use on the Grand Union Canal between London, Birmingham, and Leicester. These have more accommodation both for cargo and crew than the older type, and, fitted with a motor, capable of greater speed

THE TIGHTROPE-WALKING CLOWN: "Frivolous Recco" in mufti rehearses his famous circus act on an improvised tightrope while Mrs. Recco watches from the door of their caravan. Quite a city of caravans has been established at the Stanmore Stud Farm, Cuffley, Herts, where a colony of circus folk has settled to furbish up their tricks. Recco in full make-up is seen above

COLLAR OR THROAT? Westminster scholar, cheering in a recent school match, is uncertain if his enthusiasm has damaged his stud or his vocal chords

"PLAY UP"! Members of Westminster School cheer their team during a match at Vincent Square. Mortar boards and white ties are worn only by King's scholars; by other students toppers and black ties

PICNIC IN NOVEMBER: Three Spartans (it were unfair to call them Amazons) of Liverpool enjoy a summer pastime and wear summer kit, despite the winter weather, in Hale Woods. The camp fire, however, was a popular member of the party—not only to boil the kettle. Such sights as this effectually refute the Victorian charge of "decadence"

THE OLD OYSTER SHOP AT BRIGHTON: The Cheesman sisters, who for many years conducted the celebrated oyster shop just off the Brighton front, were recently presented by Mr. Harry Preston with a cheque for £260 subscribed by friends and old customers who heard that the sisters had been forced to give the shop up owing to bad times. The Misses Cheesman still wear Victorian dress, and this is the first time they have been photographed

CHRISTMAS

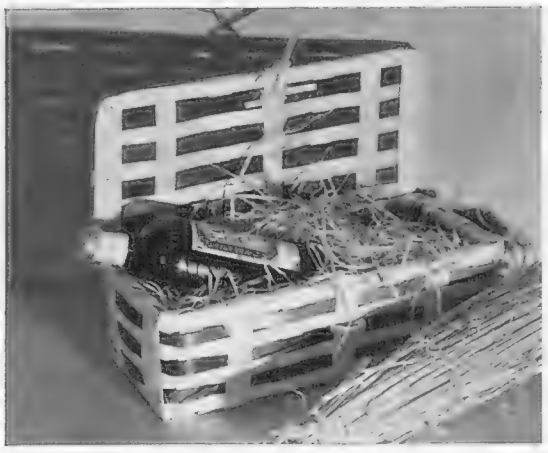
The Season of Presents Involves Sphere" Offers a Variety

Whisky is an item that must not be omitted from the festive board; here is a magnum for the large house party. Highland Queen Magnum. Price 25s.

A large number of people will solve their "present" problems in the practical manner this year, and what better way than a bottle of whisky to help bring "good cheer" to the Yuletide party? John Haig. Price, Ordinary 12s. 6d.; Dimple 13. 6d.

The book-lover is never a very difficult person for whom to choose a gift, but these book-ends with prancing fawns will find especial favour. Hampton's. Price 49s. 6d.

What more appreciable gift than wines and spirits? And when they bear a well-known and reputable label they are doubly welcome. Here the port, champagne sauterne, and 1858 brandy come from Hedges and Butler

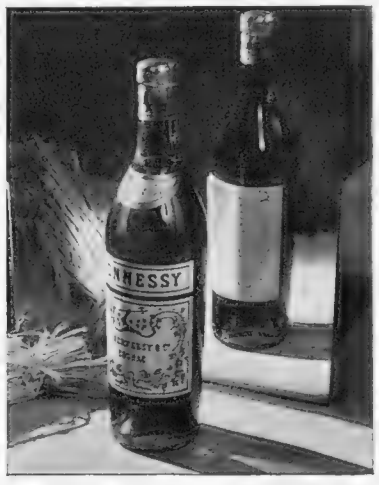


No festive season is really complete without a liqueur. This excellent cherry brandy is packed in an attractive hamper—making it most suitable for a Yuletide gift. Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. Price 12s.

Cigarettes are always sure to be an acceptable present. This well-known brand is packed in cabinets of cedar-wood or oak. W. D. & H. O. Wills "Capstan," 9s. 6d. for 150; Gold Flake, 6s. 6d. for 100

Here is a brandy that you can give with assurance to the connoisseur, and an equally reliable brand of whisky. Otard's Five Star Brandy and Whisky

Mineral water bottles are now fitted with special stoppers. One is given free with each dozen bottles. Apollinaris Mineral Water. Price 12s.



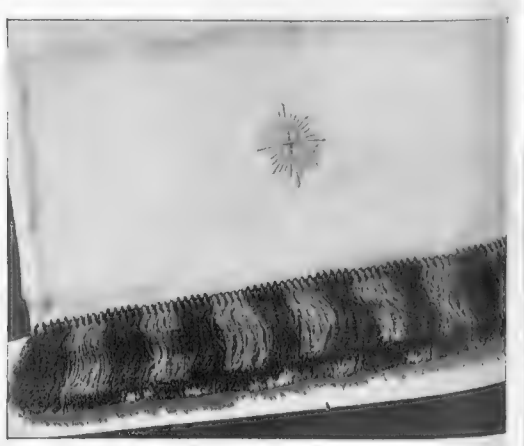
Here is another practical way in which seasonal greetings might be expressed to the men folk of the family. Hennessey's Brandy. Price 17s.

Toffees or chocolates are always popular and no better party or family present could be imagined. Mackintosh's toffees are sold in a large variety of tins and toys at prices ranging from 6d. to 5s.

What could be a more useful and economic present to a man than an electric tie restorer, which can be obtained, by the way, for any particular voltage you wish? Austin Reed. Price 6s. 6d.

Handkerchiefs and ties to match are inevitable accompaniments of Christmas, but nevertheless they are always very acceptable. They are sold in a variety of colours. Austin Reed. Price 7s.

Ties that are guaranteed uncrushable will meet with masculine approval. They are obtainable in any club colours and cuff links can be had to match. T. M. Lewin. Ties 6s. 6d. Links 7s. 6d.



This heavy silk scarf, with fringe, is another practical idea. It can be embroidered with any crest or monogram that is desired. Turnbull and Asser. Price £4 10s.

GIFTS for EVERYONE

Much Thought and More Care. In this Section "The Spirit" of Yuletide Suggestions for the Harassed Shopper

At this time of the year there are many people who usually occupy themselves with telling one another that Christmas isn't what it used to be, and for this, like many other similar things, some blame the War and others the weather. I personally think the nursery folk have a good bit to do with it, for the moment they leave the cradle, they simply refuse to believe in the existence of a Santa Claus.

But this year somehow things are different. It is quite definitely the psychological moment for the old-fashioned Christmas to stage a "come-back"; for not only are we threatened with a severe winter by our weather prophets, but many of us who usually rush abroad at this time of the year will now have to content ourselves with our own firesides and find our "good cheer" in our homes.

There is, I think, a danger of our letting this continual talk of economy get the better of us—and that is the one thing we must guard against this season at all costs. If our gifts *do* have to be smaller than they were in those prosperous and spacious days of before the War, we must not mind about it or feel that it is perhaps better not to give at all. Giving and receiving presents *are* fun after all, whether we happen to be a sophisticated lady of six years old or a grandmother of seventy.

A point to keep well in mind is that to shop early is to shop with economy. Hurried last minute purchases always lead to spending more money than one intends and usually with highly unsatisfactory results.

The gifts illustrated on this page are just a few suggestions that may help you with your shopping list. There are articles to please both sexes and all ages. In nearly every case they take a practical form, for practicability will be the keynote of Christmas presents this year.

There are wines and spirits a-plenty, for the festive board cannot be considered complete without its welcome stimulant.

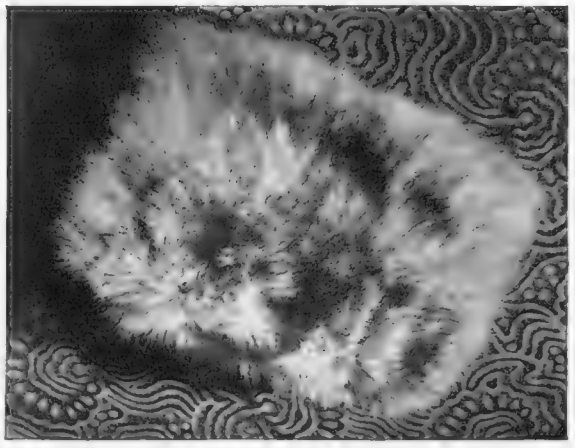
Chocolates, toffees, and cigarettes, too. No very inspired gifts, admittedly, but nevertheless they are safe things to give, for they are always sure of a warm welcome. Most of the leading manufacturers of these goods have their special gift-boxes or caskets ready, and these in themselves make an attractive present.

A man always seems to be the most difficult person to cater for when it comes to the question of buying something for him. But on these pages quite a number of suitable masculine articles are suggested. Take the electric tie reviver, for instance, what a saving of time and money this should prove. It only costs 6s. 6d., and can be obtained for any particular voltage you desire. It is exactly like a bayonet to look at. The uncrushable tie, which may be purchased in all club colours with cuff-links to match, is another excellent idea. And I particularly liked the silk evening scarf which has an embroidered Guards' crest and a heavy silk fringe. You can have any crest or monogram designed upon it that you wish, and the fancy fringe repeats the colours that are in it.

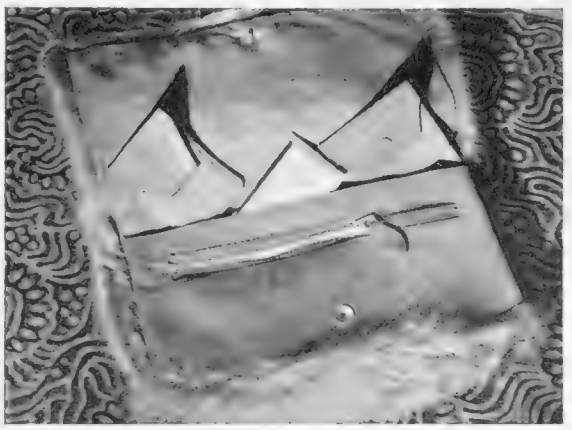
A present for a woman is a far easier proposition, and the muff, which contains a handbag inside will be very popular I imagine. The muff, a very fashionable adjunct of our toilet this season, is made of grey land otter fur, and the handbag contains all the small purses, mirrors, and other accommodations that are so dear to the heart of every woman.

Pictures by Millar Harris

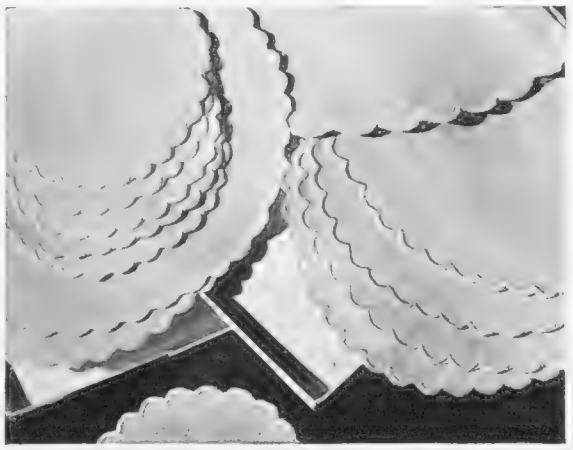
Marjorie Day



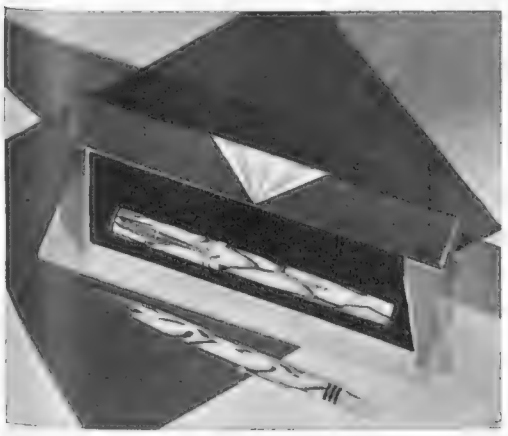
This illustration shows the bag-like interior of the muff illustrated below, complete with zip fastener, small purses, and a mirror. The muff is secured with an attractive paste fastener Liberty. Price 68s. 6d.



In this and the picture above a particularly practical and fashionable gift is suggested. It is a warm muff carried out in land otter fur and inside it is a complete handbag. Liberty. Price 68s. 6d.

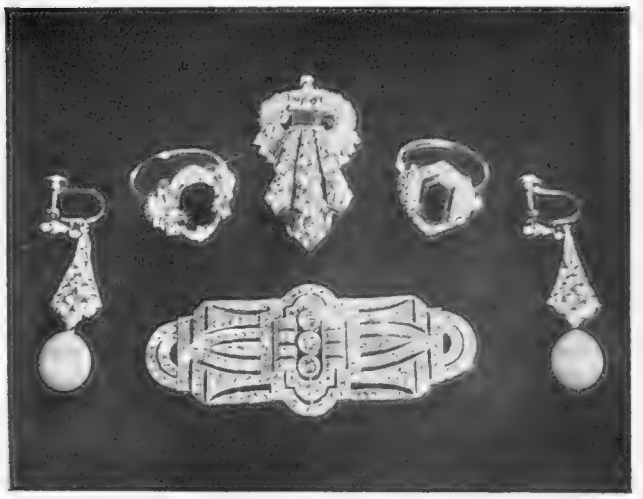


A complete luncheon set in a charming colour known as Nile green is an excellent gift for the practical minded woman. It can be obtained in twenty different shades Robinson and Cleaver. Price 8s. 11d.



A combination case containing a "Swan Pen" and a "Fyne Poynt" pencil offers a happy solution to the difficult problem of choosing a gift for the mere man. Mabie Todd and Co. Ltd. Price 45s, complete with case, or sold separately—pen 30s., pencil 15s.

What a lovely Christmas surprise this pair of black glacé gauntlet gloves would be, and what a perfect finish to the chic black and white ensemble! They are hand-sewn and are also sold in nigger brown Debenham and Freebody. Price 12s. 9d.

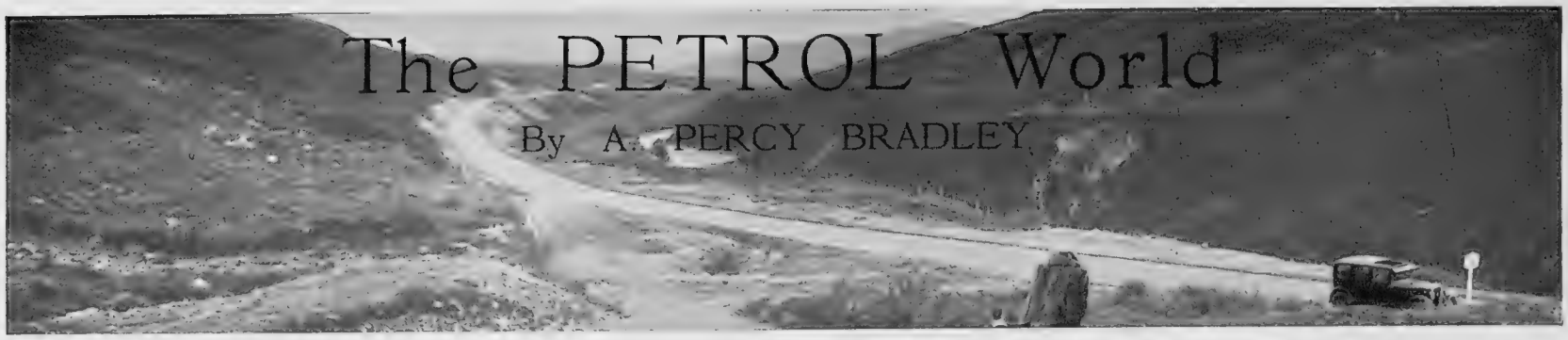


For every woman jewellery holds a fatal fascination, and the articles in this group, though inexpensive, can hold their own against the most priceless gems Ciro Pearls Limited. Each article £1 1s.

An array of presents to delight the female heart comprising a china powder box costing 5s. 11d., a miniature sized travelling clock 21s., a pearl and crystal necklace 29s. 6d., and a cigarette box costing 4s. 6d. Swan and Edgar

Necklaces of nickel with bracelets to match are the vogue of the moment, and what could be more effective messengers of your good wishes than the set shown above? Galeries Lafayette. Price 21s.

Britannic expanding watch bracelets, carrying with them a five-year guarantee, will be sure to find a warm welcome. They are sold in many widths and may be purchased complete with a reliable watch in various styles. All leading jewellers. Price from £4 4s.



The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

PATRIOTIC.—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales performed, as it were, the opening ceremony of the great "Buy British" campaign. With such an opening the success of the scheme is assured, but I am glad to think that in the motoring world the motto, "Buy British," has been acted upon for many years, thanks to the untiring efforts of the British Manufacturers' Section of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. The general public will respond more than ever, but they look for a certain amount of guidance, particularly where motor-cars are concerned, for there are many excellent cars which have had their origin in foreign countries and are now either built or assembled here or in some parts of the British Empire. The S.M.M. and T. should without delay inform the public what is a British-made motor-car. They are in a position to investigate and to give a verdict which should then be passed on to the public.

Already I see signs of people being over enthusiastic as regards this campaign, and we shall probably witness absurd scenes of misplaced enthusiasm as was the case during the days of War, when white feathers were pinned on to ineligible young men by semi-hysterical women. All things movable and immovable are now being plastered with "Buy British" posters, and this form of energy has my entire approbation, but I do plead for a little common sense as to distribution. If I find one on my fence in the morning, it having been pasted on during the night when I was sleeping in a British bed and breathing British air, I shall be a little annoyed and slightly inclined to act in the opposite direction. Then again, I become distinctly peevish when I find the driver of an obviously foreign motor-car telling me by means of a label on his windscreen to "Buy British." Those in authority and who are guiding this "Buy British" campaign must see that it is properly conducted and gives no offence to anyone.

Many people will buy British commodities because now it is more patriotic than ever so to do, but the purchasers of motor-cars will buy British not only because it is patriotic, but because the British car is second to none and in most cases is streets ahead of its foreign competitors.

THE HUMBER SNIPE AND PULLMAN LIMOUSINE.—For some reason or other manufacturers have not been besieging pressmen like myself to take out 1932 models for the purpose of reporting their performances. Usually at this time of the year the difficulty is to find time to give attention to these road tests, but the one and only manufacturer to date who has come to me and asked me to try a 1932 model is Humber, Ltd., Coventry. Messrs. Rootes. Ltd., in the shape of Mr. D. H. Noble, arrived at the track the other day with a Humber Snipe and a Humber Pullman limousine so that I might spend a week-end on whichever I preferred. The limousine is really a chauffeur-driven car, and so for personal comfort I chose the Snipe. In general construction the Pullman chassis is similar to that of the Snipe, but the wheel-base is longer and the frame has been made more robust in order to carry rather commodious coachwork. I carefully inspected the Pullman limousine and must confess I was very impressed with the room provided, the comfort given, and the general solid-looking appearance of the artistic fittings and upholstery. The back of the body has been beautified and tidied up. Personally I do not think that the effect produced is really more pleasing to the eye, but it certainly does away with a host of corners and cavities where dust and dirt could collect.

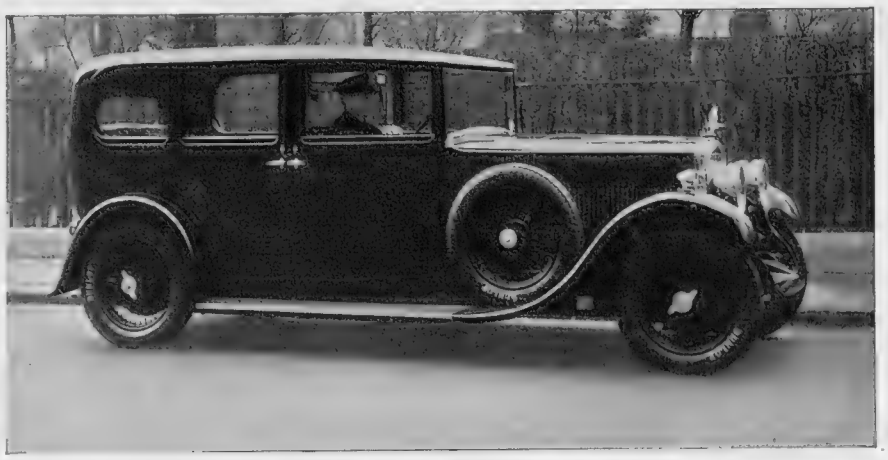
The Snipe saloon, which I eventually took over was a most impressive motor-car. I completely forgot to ask the price, which was a pity, as I find that one of the first questions my passengers always ask me is "What does this car cost?" In this instance I was unable to give a reply, and so as we sped along the road a guessing competition took place. Striking an average of the figures quoted the car was put down as costing £750, and I myself thought that this was quite a reasonable figure. Imagine my surprise when the catalogue arrived from Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., on Monday morning, and I found that this very amazing motor-car could be purchased for £465. When a firm with the reputation of Humber's can produce a motor-car of this description, selling at such a low figure, there is no possible excuse for anyone to seek value for money combined with smooth speed in a foreign-built vehicle.

THE POWER UNIT.—The engine has six cylinders with a seven-bearing crankshaft, which the catalogue informs me is balanced statically and dynamically. Certainly the engine runs as smooth as water coming out of a tap. The most critical occupant could not detect any trace of vibration, and it preserves this freedom from noise and shake from one end to the other of its range of revolutions. The bore and stroke, namely 80 mm. and 116 mm. respectively, make the capacity just 3½ litres, but although this is quite a fair-sized engine it does deliver the goods. On the speedometer the needle went up to 76 m.p.h. on more than one occasion, and the instrument was as close to the truth as is the average speedometer. As most of us know, all-out speed is not nearly so important as the power to get away and stop quickly. The Humber Snipe can hit you in the back if the driver pushes the accelerator pedal right home. This push in the back is not accompanied by any noise, and I found that other road-users were obviously surprised at the get-away qualities of the car, for on more than one occasion they, through their misjudgment, left me practically no road. The Snipe's ability to stop has to be experienced in order to be believed. I would like to congratulate the manufacturers on producing a really good braking system.

GEARS AND SUSPENSION.—The gears were easy to operate and the so-called silent-third was really noiseless; in fact many times I ran for miles on this third, thinking I was in top. The controls placed in the centre of the steering wheel are accessible and distinctive. The driving position is definitely correct, and the visibility not only for the driver but for his passengers needs nothing to be desired.

The steering was light but definite in its action, and the suspension was wonderfully efficient for low as well as for high speeds. The electrical equipment was put to a severe strain when I found myself in a water-splash over 2 ft. deep. Having got well into the water the engine stopped, not because the carburettor or ignition had been affected, but because the silencer was full of water. Wayside spectators, evidently with an eye to business, were there in their high rubber boots ready to push out unfortunate people like myself, but they missed their reward, for by engaging first-gear and setting the self-starter in motion the car moved forward, and by changing up into second-gear I got out quite quickly, having travelled about 150 yards through the water on the starter. To my amazement the starter was as full of life when dry land was reached.

I should say that the whole of the Humber Snipe and the Pullman limousine are built in just as sturdy a fashion as the electrical starting equipment. The car will, I think, stand a tremendous amount of rough usuage, and even then it should show no signs of being fatigued.



THE ALVIS "SILVER EAGLE"

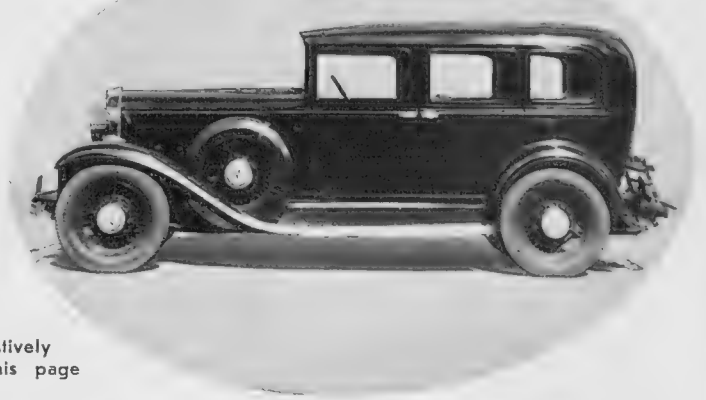
The Alvis "Silver Eagle" 20-h.p. limousine, the latest addition to the famous Alvis "Silver Eagle" range

MORRIS "FAMILY EIGHT"

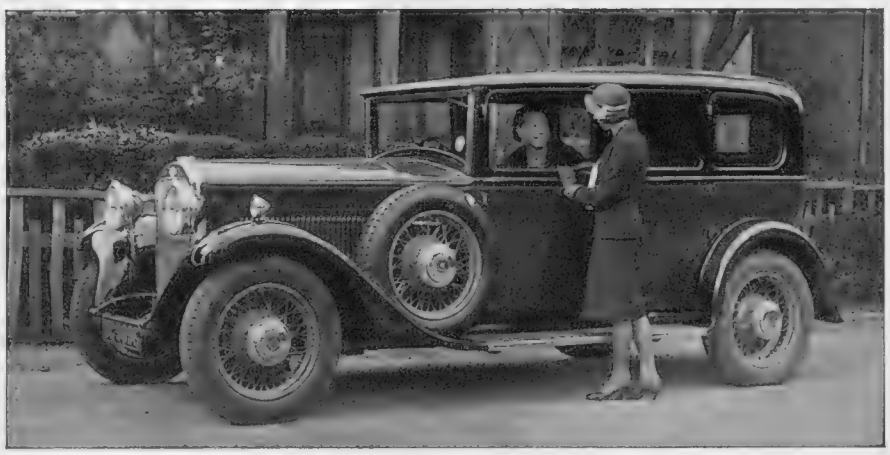
On left—The 8-h.p. Morris "Family Eight" which embodies in its specification the Pytchley sliding roof

On right — Extreme silence and smoothness of running characterize this handsome Willys Knight model 66D saloon

Below—The new Humber "Snipe" saloon, which is exhaustively described and reviewed on this page



WILLYS KNIGHT SALOON



THE HUMBER "SNIPE" SALOON

A Song to comfort you

(With apologies to the White Knight and Lewis Carroll)

I'LL tell thee in a manner frank
Of all that came to pass.
I saw an aged man who drank
A Guinness in a glass.
"Who are you, aged man?" I said,
"And what is it you drink?"
He pointed to its creamy head
And gave a knowing wink.

HE said "I've searched the whole world through
And now at last I claim
That I have found the perfect brew—
And Guinness is its name.
It's good for you to drink at lunch,
And good too, when you dine—
And now I'll very gladly drink
Your Honour's health and mine!"

I heard him with much interest
For I'd been searching too;
Here was an end to my long quest
After the Perfect Brew.
I thanked him much for telling me
How good a Guinness is,
And also for his wish that he
Might drink my health—and his.

AND now when e'er I eat a meal,
Alone, or *tête-à-tête*,
Or if I meet a friend, and feel
We ought to celebrate,
Or if I go to see a show,
Into the bar I pass;
I call for Guinness, let it flow,
And pour it carefully and slow
And contemplate the ruby glow
Within the finest drink I know—
A Guinness in a glass.

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

GE 170A

THE WINTER *is* OPEN SEASON *for* BURGLARIES

(*Continued from p.* 353)

Sometimes the long arm of coincidence exerts itself in an incredible manner. There was a wealthy woman who had designed a valuable brooch, and lost it. She claimed for its full value, and then telephoned the assessor three days later. It appears that, just before she telephoned, she had economically decided to get on an omnibus instead of taking a taxi at Marble Arch. She sat down and there, opposite her, was a woman wearing her brooch. There was no question about it, for it was unique. Quite spontaneously she leaned forward and said to the woman, "You are wearing my brooch." Without a word the stranger unfastened it, handed it to her, got up, pulled the cord, and got out of the omnibus. It would, perhaps, be a still better story if the woman had then discovered that it was not her brooch after all. But these incidents I am telling here are actual experiences and not fiction.

Another coincidence occurred to a friend of mine, Count Bon de St. Hilaire. On December 27, 1929, he had a fire in his villa at Monte Carlo. Then, would you believe it, on December 27, 1930, his pipes burst. He was insured with Lloyds who, of course, paid promptly for the damage in each instance. They were the first claims he had ever made, and he had been insured for thirty years.

Of course some firms and some people make claims quite regularly, and these are paid just as regularly. Their very size in the case of the firms, and their profession in the case of the individuals, make it natural that this should happen. Diamond merchants, whether on the Continent or Hatton Garden, chaffer in the street and go around with thousands of pounds' worth of uncut gems in their pockets. I have seen them myself in the diamond market at Antwerp. It is not surprising if they have their pocket-books stolen occasionally.

Three kinds of robbery that always crop up are train-robberies, liner-robberies, and robberies committed by people who come with an order to view private houses. In the case of train-robberies, the thing to do is to take your suitcase into the dining-car. In the case of the second, you should hand over all valuables to the purser. In the third instance, never let the most respectable visitor out of your sight. All this may sound obvious, but many people fail to do the obvious, and then get sore when they are victimized.

Sometimes, however, there is no accounting for the disappearance of valuables. A diamond ring, for example, will have been on a grand piano or a dressing-table at one minute, and though nobody could have entered the room it will be gone within an hour. In a case like that the assessors can only pay. Strange things do happen, and it is against things like this that people insure themselves. There have been occasions when a famous hostess has had ten or a dozen intimate friends to dinner in Mayfair, and by the end of the evening something has disappeared. Everything is done to discover what happened to it. But even the assessor, who can look farther through a brick wall than anybody else at times like these, is completely baffled and has to pay up.

Not long ago there was a Bright Young Party, and a loss was reported. The assessors were given the names of all the guests. Somebody had stolen, and somebody got away with it, and that was that.

Assessors usually get to the bottom of most things, however. As a class, they have keen, appraising eyes, and reckon to tell within a minute if the claimant or suspected persons are lying. When I said that there was only a handful of frauds that have been detected, I meant it. But I did not say anything about those files on the desk of every assessor which are marked briefly "No claim." Those are times when the assessor informs the claimant that he or she can sue, but meantime he does not propose to pay. That only happens when he has at least three out of the four aces up his sleeve as a result of his investigations, and knows that the other one will have to be disclosed by the claimant if the case comes into court.

There are also cases where the less honest kind of assessor discovers in the course of his investigations that the pretty lady who has insured her jewellery has lost it in compromising circumstances—usually after a night out with another man. He will refuse to pay and the pretty lady is most unfairly cheated out of her rightful claim. Another victim of this kind of thing is the man who is running two establishments. He, too, will be told to grin and bear it, unless he wants unwelcome publicity, by the unscrupulous assessor. Fortunately the vast majority of the profession are absolutely honest, and when a married woman rings up to say that at all costs her husband must not hear about it, the assessor disregards the opportunity of what really amounts to blackmailing her out of her just claim and pays her in full without her husband's knowledge.

In conclusion, now that pickpockets and burglars are in season, it is well to have all your jewellery overhauled, preferably once every two months, and if you do not possess one, get a safe that is fastened to the floor of your house and so cannot be removed. Further, if you have an electric burglar alarm, see that the battery has not run down. That is the advice of the assessors, and they should know.

WINTER SPORT in SCOTLAND

(*Continued from p.* 365)

Compared with continental facilities the hotels (or inns) are often very small—putting up from twelve to thirty persons. There are, however, some larger hotels, as at Aviemore, but it is not yet known which will open. The following are some ascertained actual *en pension* terms per week: 3½ to 5 guineas, 5 guineas, 3 guineas (sixteen beds, isolated but on the ski-fields), 4½ to 7 guineas, 4½ to 5 guineas. These prices include daily bath but do not include tips, a matter of perhaps 20 per cent. in British hotels. Nor do they as yet include car or bus to the nursery slopes and ski-fields. Examination of the details obtainable might lead one to put down an average of from 2s. to 5s. per day for this expense, though it is said that free facilities are to be given. Central heating is as a rule found only in the hall and ground floors of the hotels and not in the bedrooms, where ordinary fires would be the order of the day. Chilly or oldish skiers who require a fire for comfort, and to do the usual drying of ski-kit, especially after rain and mist, should set down, say, 2s. 6d. a day for this necessity, which will be accentuated by the absence of double glass in the windows and the damper climate. A fire in the bedroom will certainly largely conquer those facts.

I am advised that on the above basis (which excludes drinks), about £20 travelling 3rd class, or £28 1st class travel and hotel, would cover a clear fortnight in the Highlands. Such private rooms and boarding-houses as may be available would be perhaps 20 per cent. cheaper.

In conclusion, those who have never visited Scotland, whether in winter or in summer, will enjoy the novelty and interest of a surprisingly different country, which is strikingly individual in every way and is very attractive. There is good feeding there, too.

As in nearly all other mountain lands the Highland people of Scotland are especially noted for courteous manners, for hospitality, and for kindness.

The scenery is that of mountains very greatly more ancient than those of Central Europe or the Himalayas, and, even thus innate and born of the exceedingly primordial rocks, the unique material and psychic atmosphere, and the time-worn noble scenery of the Highlands possess and hold the deep meanings of all classic and remote antiquities, and, far more, the strangest of enchantments and sweet glamour that dwells there only—in all the world, and can be known only there.

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All Brushes fitted with Best Bristles.

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£275

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New Oblong Stout Ivory Military Brushes.
Length 5-in., £4 pair.

No. 3970
Cigarette Cases. Real Shagreen on Silver.

2½-in. ..	£2	7	6
3-in. ..	£2	10	0
3½-in. ..	£3	3	0
3¾-in. ..	£3	7	6

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8-day Luminous Travelling Clock. Morocco Leather Case, £2 10s.
With 30-hour movement, £1 5s.

No. 3973.
Silver Cigarette Boxes. Engine-turned Lid, lined Cedar.

100 size ..	£3	5	0
75 ,, ..	£2	15	0
50 ,, ..	£2	5	0
25 ,, ..	£1	8	6

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The SALE-ROOMS REOPEN

An Attractive Feature of London's "Little Season"

All the sale-rooms of London had re-opened by the end of October, with the exception of Messrs. Christie, who did not fill their great rooms until last week, when they started their winter season with a sale of porcelain and furniture, and on November 19 with Early English portraits, the property of Lady Capel Cure. The chief item in the latter sale was the portrait of Lady Oxenden, by Thomas Hudson, the popular portrait painter of the prosperous squires and merchant class of the middle eighteenth century, and under whom Sir Joshua Reynolds first studied. Most of the portraits in the sale represented the various members of the Oxenden family whom we see painted by the foremost artists of the succeeding generations.

SEYMOUR STANDING: The art of Whistler in appealing mood, recorded by Kennedy. Sold at Sotheby's

Mr. Hurcomb has become busy in the Grafton Galleries and tells us in his entertaining advertisements of the successes he has had in obtaining good prices for his clients, some of whom were afraid to believe in him till reassured by the Rector!

At Willis's rooms the usual Wednesday and Thursday furniture and picture sales are in full swing, and two weeks ago they were selling some beautiful marqueterie furniture belonging to Lord Dudley.

Cruikshank Drawings

But the most important sales have been at Messrs. Sotheby's, where, on November 2, they sold the library and collection of drawings and engravings by George Cruikshank belonging to the late Mr. J. H. White of Pease Hall, Springfield, Essex. The great interest of the sale was the very high prices obtained for Cruikshank's original drawings, all of which were bought for Philadelphia, the purchasers being confined to the Rosenbach Company and Mr. Sessler who gave, between them, £2,883 for the thirty-two drawings, which must be a record for this illustrative artist. £400 were given for six water-colour drawings made to illustrate Smedley's "Frank Fairleigh," which appeared originally in *Sharpe's Magazine* in 1850. Mr. Rosenbach gave £270 for "Sir John Falstaff," a drawing made for Brough's *Life of Sir John Falstaff*, and for the originals of some of those well-known pictures which rendered Harrison Ainsworth's *Tower of London* so exciting to the youthful readers of his day. Sums varying from £270 to £130 were given.

Autograph Letters

Many interesting autograph letters were also in the same sale, the highest price being obtained for a very fine letter from Robert Burns, written three weeks before his death to Mr. James Johnson of the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, describing how "the hand of pain and sorrow and care has these many months laid heavy on me! Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity of life with which I used to woo the rural Muse of Scotia." This sad letter realized £560, a sum of money which would have been much welcomed by Burns at that time who, strangely enough, does not seem to have received any money for the poems which he contributed to the poems known as the "Musical Museum" which Johnson was publishing.

An All-British Sale

Mr. Thomas Hatton, who is well known as an ardent collector of Dickens and who has for some years past purchased every copy of *Pickwick* in parts which came into the market, is disposing of his valuable collection at Messrs. Sotheby's on November 30 and December 1. As one of his sets of *Pickwick* sold for £3,200 in New York in 1927, one can anticipate high prices at the forthcoming sale, particularly for a set which is catalogued as "of foremost rank." Four pages in the catalogue are devoted to "points" about this set, which show the expert the correctness of the parts, giving minutiæ concerning wrappers and advertisements and proof of first printings by measurements of the printed page, which grew slightly smaller after adjustments of the printing frame and microscopic details about semi-colour and positions of lines! In the same sale there are nearly all of Dickens' works as originally issued, and all in excellent condition, together with a valuable Thackeray collection.

SEYMOUR SEATED: A Whistler etching uniquely recorded in this state by Kennedy. It has been sold at Sotheby's

There were some excellent examples of modern etchings to be seen at Messrs. Sotheby's last week, when very good prices were obtained. "The Almonry," by Mr. F. L. Griggs, realized £40, and £21 was given for a very striking portrait of James McBey by G. L. Brocklehurst; but the chief interest of the sale lay in the collection of the late Sir F. Seymour Haden, P.R.E.

LADY OXENDEN: The fine portrait, by Thomas Hudson, of Margaret, daughter of Sir George Chudleigh, who in 1775 married Sir Henry Oxenden. This was sold this month at Christie's

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A GARLAND of YULETIDE BOOKS

Christmas Publications of Distinction, Ranging from the Fantasy of Childhood to the Serious Work Beloved of Adolescence; from Old Favourites to New Endeavours, Reviewed

By CECIL ROBERTS

Is the tradition of the Christmas stocking dying? Electric fires, gas fires, anthracite stoves, and central heating are killing the easy access of Father Christmas in true chimney fashion. Friends of ours possess ideal chimneys for the purpose of descent, but they made them in the days of Shakespeare so that you could hang bacon as well as Christmas stockings in them. The old chimney, however, to us is a cruel delusion. It is immense, you can stand in it, but the upper reaches are closed to the sky, and its innermost recesses have been turned into a linen-cupboard. Woe to Father Christmas if he attempts a descent down that chimney!

It is a firm belief of modern children, fortunately, that the quality of the chimney has nothing to do with the liberality of the old gentleman with the long beard and the red gown. They are right. He has of late spent much time gathering wares in the publishers' offices, and, since paperware is scarcely an article for chimneys, he has developed a nice habit of using the postman. So that the other day when we went in to get a Christmas book we found ourselves in a bookseller's room that was simply a riot of bright-faced boys and girls, all in their Christmas jackets.

THE GORGEOUS EAST: An illustration by C. E. Brock to "The Cuckoo Clock" (Macmillan)

Messrs. Blackie and Sons, Ltd., have a fine brood of youngstérs. There is the delicate little maiden, a country girl, with her dog, who adorns *Blackie's Girls' Annual* (5s.). There is the cowboy on the bucking bronco who adorns *Blackie's Boys' Annual* (5s.), and the two charming children with a basket of adorable puppies who make the cover of *Blackie's Children's Annual* (5s.). Blackies have earned the gratitude of several generations of children. One of these annuals is in its twenty-eighth year, and many of the names are old favourites. For instance, what joy Mr. H. M. Brock gives us with his sturdy young rugger players and lynx-eyed school monitors. Brock's boys always have an air of their own. Then there is Mr. P. F. Westerman with his breathless manner in presenting an adventure. No wonder there is trouble getting the boys to bed for a week after the advent of the *Annual*.

There was a time when the boys had it all their own way, but the *Girls' Annual* rights the scales. Here Mr. C. E. Brock lends a delicious pencil to depict Mary's mouth and Marjorie's dimples. And we were tempted to keep for ourselves the *Children's Annual* (3s. 6d.) because of that charming picture of "Humpty Dumpty" by S. G. Hulme Beaman. For those who are just beginning to spell there is the *Little One's Annual* (Blackie. 3s. 6d.). For those who have grown out of the *Annual* stage there are *The Scouts of Windhaven* by Geoffrey Prout (3s. 6d.), *Two on their Own* by Bessie Marchant (3s. 6d.), and *The Secret of the Plateau* by Percy F. Westerman (3s. 6d.).

But we went into the shop to get a book for ourselves, and got two. *Hugh Thomson* by M. H. Spielmann and Walter Jerrold (A. and C. Black. 25s.). This is a memorial volume on his art, letters, humour, and charm. How often he has given us a charming Christmas with his illustrated editions of Goldsmith and Jane Austen. Here is a collection of his work that remains a joy for ever, though the hand of the master will take no more delight in tight-coated gentlemen of the old school and simpering misses with muffs. The second book for our own delight and education was *A Grammar of the Arts* by Sir Charles Holmes (Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net).

The understanding of beauty is not a visual matter only. Here a distinguished ex-director of the National Gallery explains the various claims of Art, the aims and methods of the artist, the growth of artistic expression. It is a sound guide to intelligent appreciation of the treasures housed in our art galleries. Not greedy, but tempted, we had to take home *Dickens Landmarks in London* by Arthur Moreland (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). Here are some fifty exquisite drawings of houses and streets that occur in Dickens' stories. Mr. Moreland has given us a Dickensian history in prose and conveyed the Dickensian old-world charm in pencil. His work has no frills and is a reliable memorial of scenes that are vanishing.

Another Dickens book is filled with the Christmas spirit. As the friend of the rich Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Dickens became her adviser regarding charities. *The Letters of Charles Dickens to Baroness Burdett-Coutts* (Murray. 7s. 6d.) deals largely with the letters of advice he wrote to her upon her charities. But they are also a mirror of the times and its people. There is his note from Broadstairs announcing that he has just finished *David Copperfield* and doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. The note of humanity which marked his work is revealed in each of these letters. It is a book that will be loved by every Dickensian and should be in his library.

Messrs. Benn give us a more timely and entertaining anthology of riddles, stories, legends, carols, and games in *Welcome Christmas*, by Eleanor Graham (6s.). Here is collected the legend and romance of Christmas, with charming illustrations. Miss Graham was for many years in charge of a children's book department in a store, so that she knows how to select her fare.

The Alphabet, by Monro S. Orr (Dent. 10s. 6d.), makes light the labour of learning one's first letters. Here are six-and-twenty rhymes along with six-and-twenty pictures, all bright and merry to help one. With these six-and-twenty letters the young reader begins to conquer the world.

Mr. H. G. Wells' floor games are famous. Here are two books of them, *Floor Games* and *Little Wars* (Dent. 5s. each). You can have a war on the nursery floor without going now to his homestead or, if of more peacable mind, one of his floor games involving South Sea islands and Red Indians.

(Continued on p. 378)

A QUESTION OF AIR: One of Cecil Aldin's delicious illustrations to "Mrs. Tickler's Caravan" (Eyre and Spottiswoode)

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA: A barbaric composition by Donald Maxwell illustrating Rudyard Kipling's "East of Suez" (Macmillan)

THE GOOGLE'S GARDEN: One of the most decorative of the illustrations by V. C. V. in "The Googie Book" (Medici)

A FIERY STEED: Miss Alice Woodward has illustrated "Black Beauty" (Bell) with commendable spirit

FOOTPRINTS IN THE *INK* OF TIME! An illustration from Blackie's "Children's Annual"

SUMMERTIME IN STORKLAND: A picture from "Nursery Stories" (Blackie)

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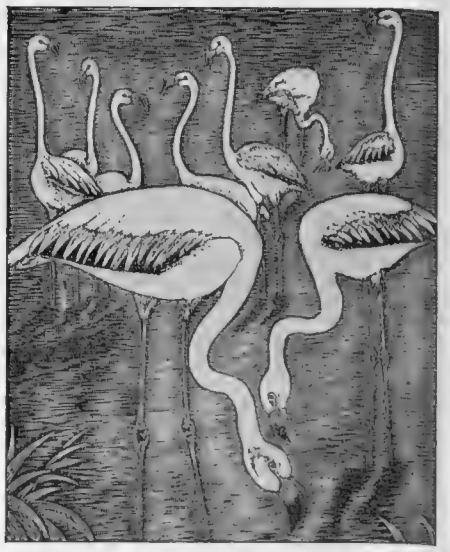

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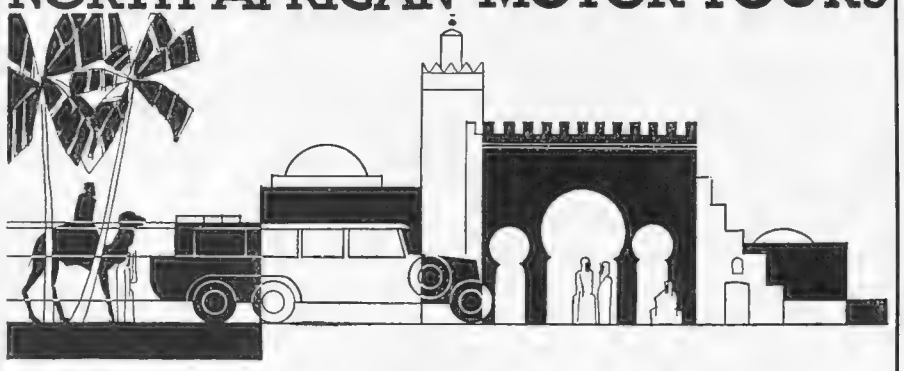

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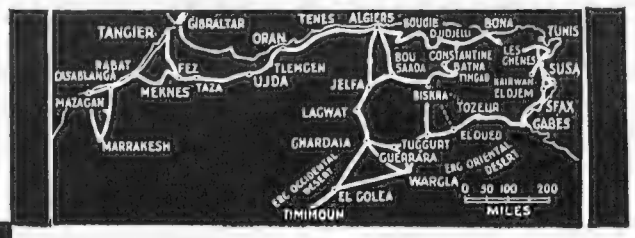

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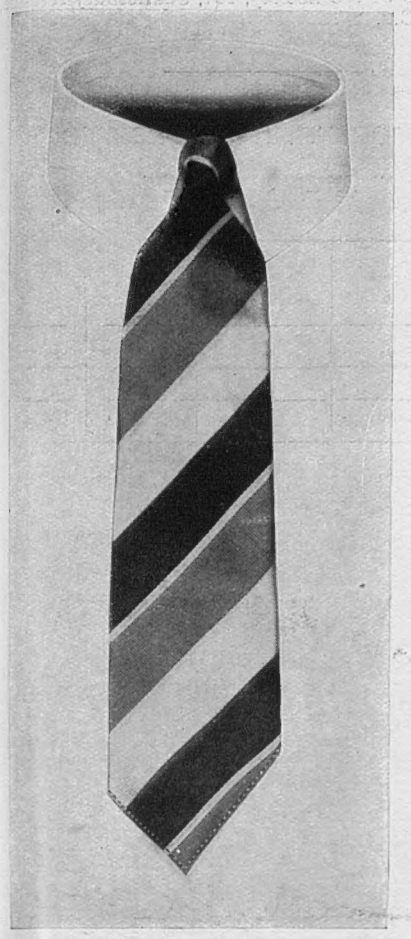

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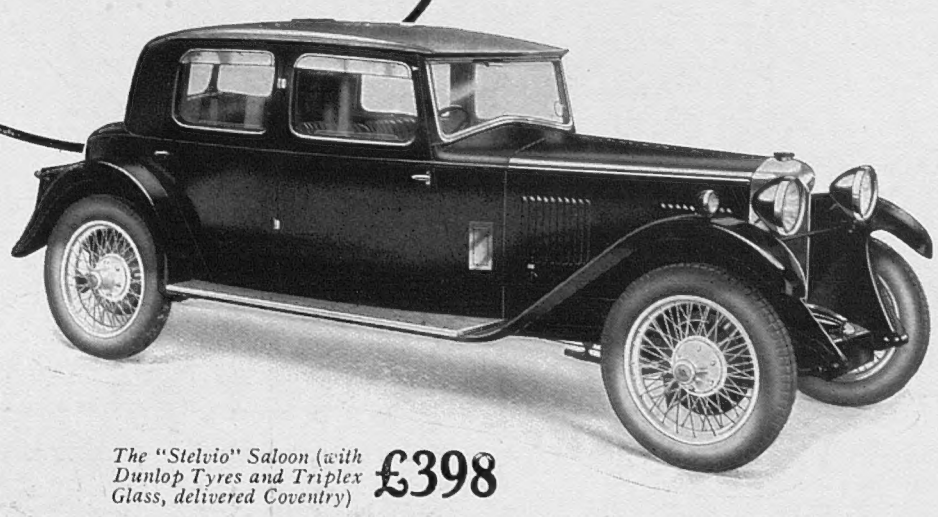

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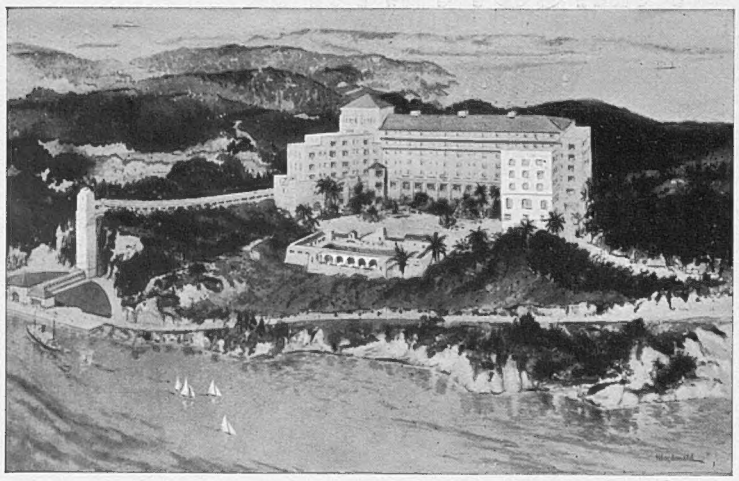
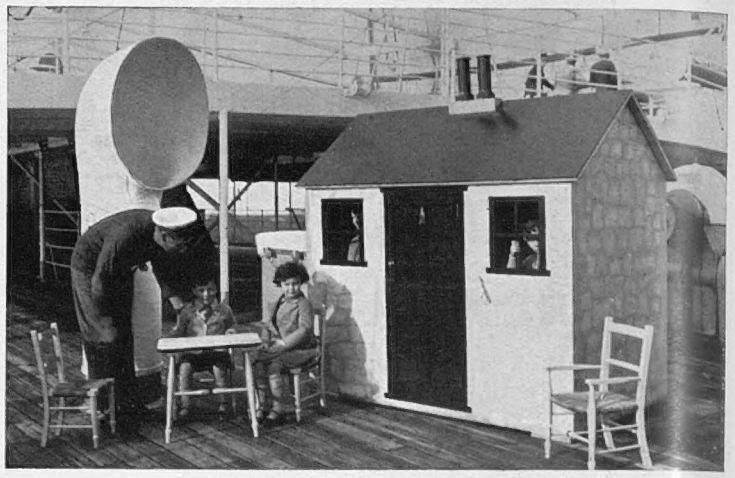


BRITISH THROUGHOUT: The Castle Harbour Hotel, Bermuda, which has been furnished throughout by Hampton and Sons, Ltd. More than 95 per cent. of the goods are of British manufacture and they are being installed by a staff of men from Hamptons. An 8,000-ton ship was chartered to travel the furniture to Bermuda



LUCKY CHILDREN.—To enhance the enjoyment of children on the voyage to Australia, the Orient Line has built a model cottage on its tourist, one-class steamer, *Ormonde*. The little house is situated on deck and is about 6 ft. high. It is furnished with tables and chairs that the children may hold tea parties within its hospitable walls

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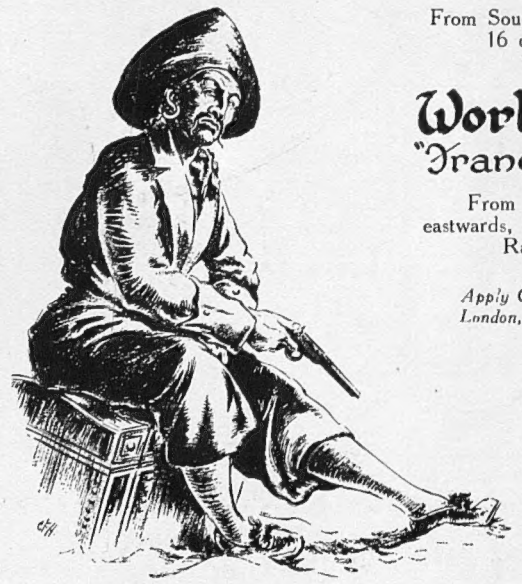

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *November* 28, 1931. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

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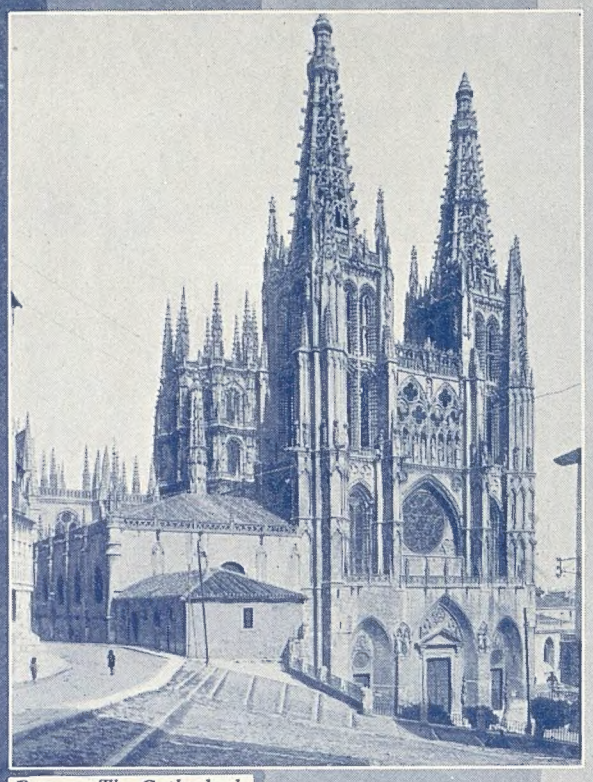
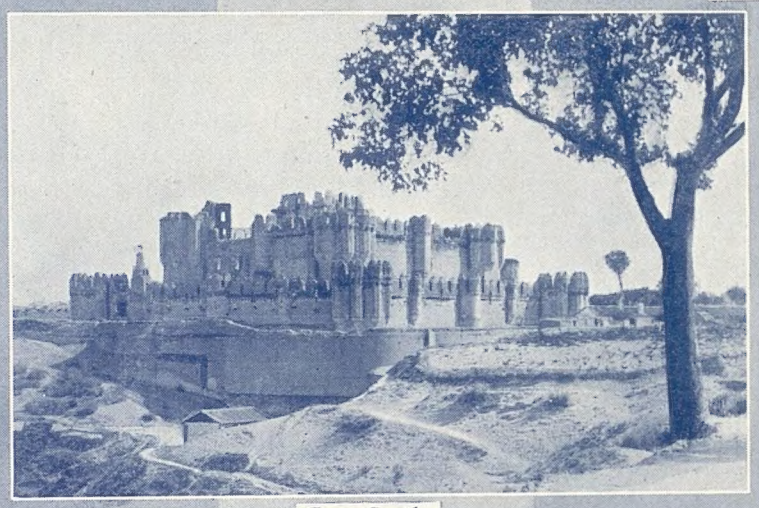
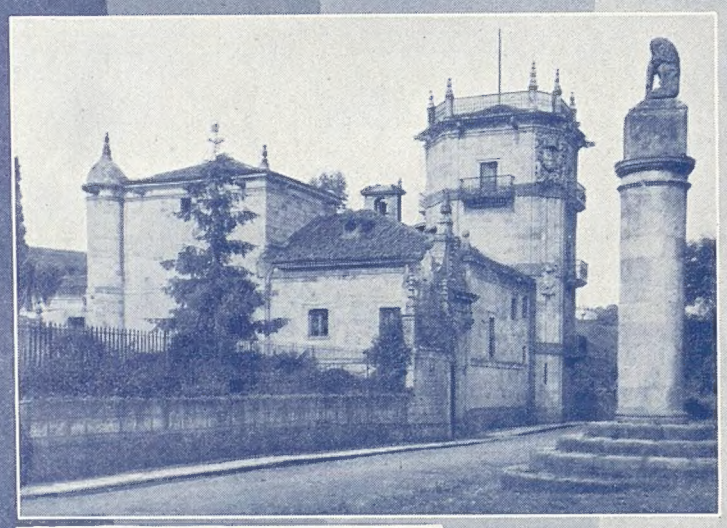


Burgos. The Cathedral.

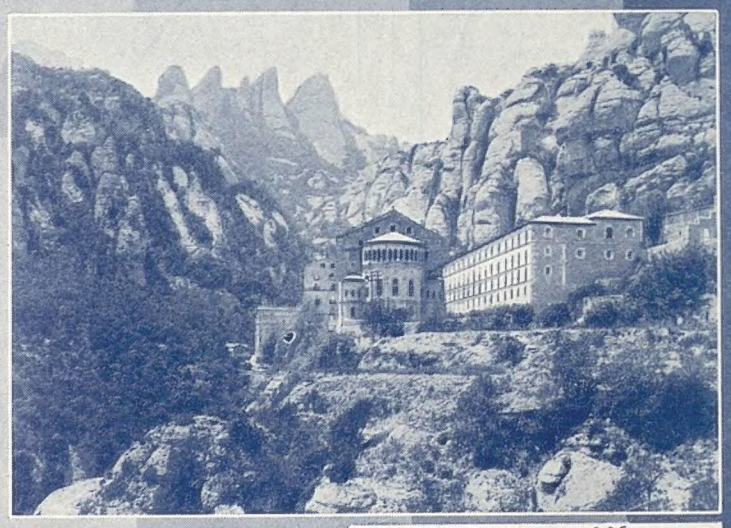
Salamanca. Façade of University.



Coca Castle.



Pámanes (Santander). The Elsedo Palace



Barcelona. Monastery of Montserrat.

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